



DELIA
and
ROSAMOND
augmented.

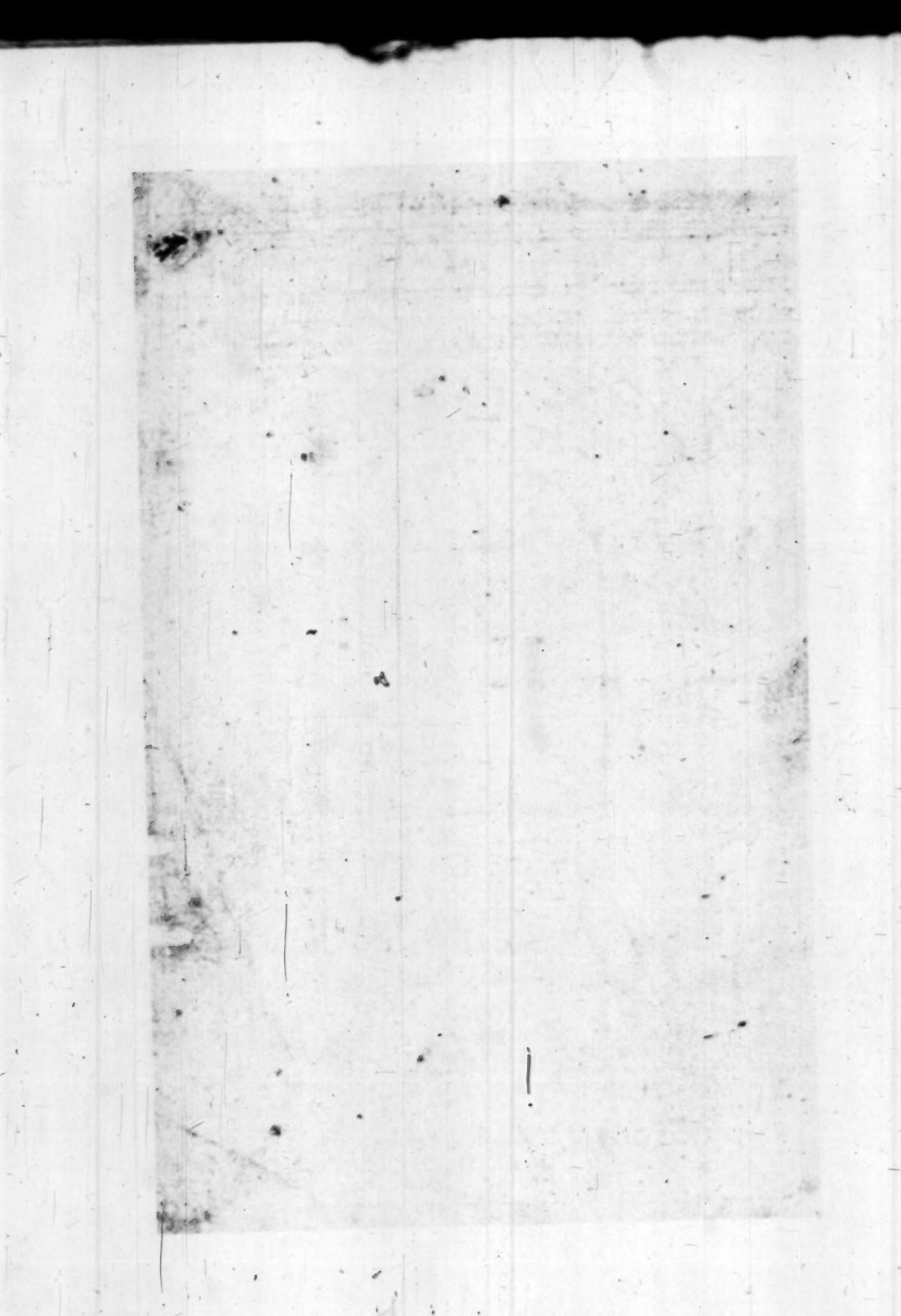
CLEOPATRA

By
Samuel Daniel

Aetas primi a-
nat severes postre-
maturnal-
tus.

1594.

Printed at London for Simon Wylerson; and
are to be sold in Paules Church-yarde at the
signe of the Crown.





TO THE RIGHT HONO-
RABLE, THE LADY MARY,
Countesse of Pembroke.

W onder of these, glory of other times,
O thou whom Envy enu' is forst to admyre :
Great Patroness of these my humble Rymes,
Which thou from out thy greatness doost inspirer
Sith onely thou hast design'd to rayse them higher,
Vouchsafe now to accept them as thine owne,
Begotten by thy hand, and my desire,
Wherein my Zeale, and thy great might is showne.
And seeing this unto the world is knowne,
O leue not, still to grace thy worke in mee :
Let not the quickning seede be ouer-thrown
Of that which may be borne so honour thee.
Whereof, the trouable I may challenge mine,
But yet the glory, (Madam) must be thine.



¶ Gentle Reader correct these
faultes escaped in the
printing.

SOnnet 18. lyne 3. for error, reade terror.

G. 1. page 2. for Condemning, read Conducting.

In L. page 16. Marke the Speaker, and read thus,

The iustice of the heauens revenging thus,

Doth onely satisfie it selfe, not vs.

In the last Chorus, for care, reade cure.



TO DELIA.

SONNET. I.

V Nto the boundles Ocean of thy beautie,
Runs this poore riuier, charg'd with streams of zeale,
Returning thee the trybute of my duty,
Which here my loue, my youth, my plaints reueale.
Heere I vnclaspe the booke of my charg'd soule,
Where I haue cast th' accounts of all my care :
Heere haue I summ'd my sighes ; here I enrole
How they were spent for thee ; looke what they are.
Looke on the deere expences of my youth,
And see how iust I reckon with thine eyes :
Examine well thy beauty with my truth,
And crosse my cares ere greater summes arise.
Read it (sweet maid,) though it be doone but slightly,
Who can shew all his loue, doth loue but lightly.

B I

Goe





SONNET. II.

GOE wayling verſe, the Infants of my loue,
Minerua-lyke, brought foorth without a mother :
Present the Image of the cares I proue,
Witnes your Fathers grieſe exceeds all other.
Sigh out a ſtory of her cruell deedes,
With inter-rupted accents of diſpaire :
A monument that whosoeuer reedes,
May iuſtly praife, and blame my louelesſe Fayre.
Say her diſdaine hath dried vp my blood,
And starued you, in ſuccours ſtill denying :
Preſle to her eyes, importune me ſome good,
Waken her ſleeping pitty with your crying,
Knock at her hard hart, beg till you haue mou'd her,
And tell th'unkind, how deereſly I haue lou'd her.

If





SONNET. III.

If so it hap, this of-spring of my care,
These fatall Antheames, sad and mournful songs :
Come to their view, who like afflicted are ;
Ah let them sigh theyr owne, and mone my wrongs.
But vntoucht harts, with vnaffected eye,
Approch not to behold so great distresse :
Cleer-sighted you, soone note what is awry,
Whilst blinded ones mine errours neuer gesse.
You blinded soules whom youth and errors leade,
You out-cast Eaglets, dazed with your sunne :
Ah you, and none but you my sorrowes reade,
You best can iudge the wrongs that she hath done.
That she hath done, the motiue of my paine,
Who whilst I louē, doth kill me with disdaine.

B 2

These





SONNET. IIII.

THese plaintive verse, the Posts of my desire,
Which haste for succour to her slow regard :
Bear not report of any slender fire,
Forging a griefe to winne a fames reward.
Nor are my passions lymnd for outward hewe,
For that no colours can depaint my sorrows :
D E L I A her selfe, and all the world may view
Best in my face, where cares hath till'd deep furrows.
No Bayes I seeke to deck my mourning brow,
O cleer-cyde Rector of the holy Hill :
My humble accents beare the Olieue bough,
Of intercession to a Tyrants will.
These lines I vse, t'vnburthen mine owne hart ;
My loue affects no fame, nor steemes of Art.

Whilst



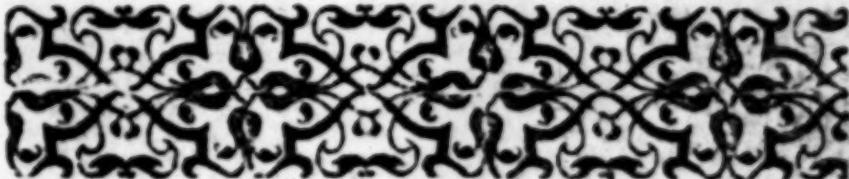


SONNET. V.

W Hilft youth and error led my wandring minde,
And sette my thoughts in heedles waies to range :
All vnawares, a Goddesse chaste I finde,
(*Diana-like*) to worke my suddaine change.
For her no sooner had mine eye bewraid,
But with disdaine to see mee in that place :
With fairest hand, the sweet vnkindest maid,
Casts water-cold disdaine vpon my face.
Which turn'd my sport into a Harts despaire,
Which still is chac'd, while I haue any breath,
By mine owne thoughts ; sette on mee by my faire:
My thoughts (like hounds) pursue me to my death.
Those that I fostred of mine owne accord,
Are made by her to murder thus theyr Lord.

B 3

Fayre





SONNET. VI.

F Ayre is my loue, and cruell as sh'is fayre ;
Her brow shades frowns, althogh her eyes are sunny ;
Her smyles are lightning, though her pride dispaire ;
And her disdaines are gall, her faours hunny.
A modest mayde, deckt with a blush of honour,
Whose feet do tread greene pathes of youth & loue,
The wonder of all eyes that looke vpon her :
Sacred on earth, design'd a Saint aboue.
Chastity and Beauty, which were deadly foes,
Liue reconciled friends within her brow :
And had she pitry to conioyne with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I vtter now.
O had shie not beene fayre, and thus vnkind,
My Muse had slept, & none had knowne my minde.

O



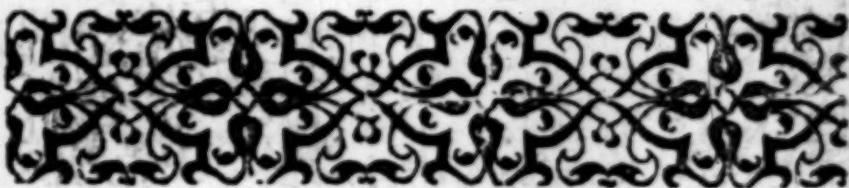


SONNET. VII.

O Had shee not beene faire and thus vnkind,
Then had no finger pointed at my lightnes :
The world had neuer knowne what I doe finde,
And clowdes obscure had shaded stil her brightnes.
Then had no Censors eye these lynes suruaide,
Nor grauer browes haue iudg'd my Muse so vaine ;
No sunne my blush and errour had bewraid,
Nor yet the world had heard of such disdaine.
Then had I walkt with bold erected face,
No downe-cast looke had signified my misse :
But my degraded hopes, with such disgrace
Did force me grone out grieses, and vtter this.
For being full, should I not then haue spoken,
My scence oppres'd, had faild, and hart had broken.

B. 4.

Thou





SONNET. VIII.

T Hou poore hart sacrific'd vnto the fairest,
Hast sent the incens of thy sighes to heauen :
And still against her frownes fresh vowes repayrest,
And made thy passions with her beauty eu'en.
And you mine eyes, the agents of my hart,
Told the dumbe meslage of my hidden griefe :
And oft with carefull turnes, with silent Arte,
Did treat the cruell Fayre to yeeld relieve.
And you my verse, the Aduocates of loue,
Haue followed hard the processe of my case :
And vrg'd that tytle which doth plainly proue,
My faith shoulde win, if iustice might haue place.
Yet though I see, that nought we doe can moue her,
Tis not disdaine must make me cease to loue her.

If





SONNET. IX.

If thys be loue, to draw a weary breath,
Paint on floods, till the shore cry to th'ayre :
With downward lookes, still reading on the earth ;
The sad memorials of my loues despayre.
If this be loue, to warre against my soule,
Lye downe to waile, ri e vp to sigh and grieue,
The neuer-resting stome of care to soule,
Still to cōplaine my grieses, whilst none relieve.
If this be loue, to cloathe me with darke thoughts,
Haunting vntroden pathes to waile apart ;
My pleasures horror, Musique tragick notes,
Teares in mine eyes, and sorrow at my hart.
If thys be loue, to liue a living death,
O then loue I, and draw this weary breath.

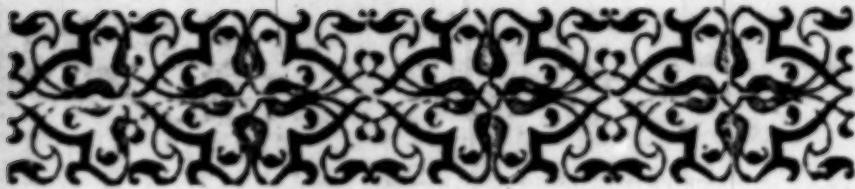




SONNET. X.

O Then loue I, and draw this weary breath,
For her the cruell Fayre, within whose brow,
I written finde the sentence of my death,
In vnkind letters ; wrought she cares not how.
O thou that rul'st the confines of the night,
Laughter-louing goddesse, worldly plesures Queen,
Intenerat that hart that sets so light,
The truest loue that euer yet was seene.
And cause her leaue to tryumph in this wise,
Vpon the prostrate spoyle of that poore hart :
That serues a Trophy to her conquering eyes,
And must theyr glory to the world impart.
Once let her know, sh' hath done enough to proue me,
And let her pity if she cannot loue me.

Tearcs,





SONNET. XI.

T Eares, vowes and prayers, winne the hardest hart ;
T eares, vowes and prayers, haue I spent in vaine ;
T eares cannot soften Flint, nor vowes conuert,
P rayers preuaile not with a quaint disdaine.
I lose my teares, where I haue lost my loue,
I vowe my faith, where faith is not regarded,
I pray in vaine, a merciles to moue :
S o rare a faith ought better be rewarded ;
Y et though I cannot win her will with teares,
T hough my soules Idoll scorneth all my vowes ;
T hough all my prayers be to so deafe eares,
N o fauour though the cruell faire allowes,
Y et will I weepe, vowe, pray to cruell shée :
F lint, frost, disdaine, weares, meltis, and yeelds we see.
M y





SONNET. XII.

My spotlesse loue hoovers with purest wings,
About the temple of the proudest frame :
Where blaze those lights fayrest of earthly things,
which cleer our clowded world with brightest flame.
M' ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
Affeit no honour but what she can giue,
My hopes doe rest in limits of her grace,
I weigh no comfort vnlesse she relieue.
For she that can my hart imparadize,
Holds in her fairest hand what dearest is,
My fortunes wheele's the circle of her eyes,
Whose rowling grace deigne once a turne of blis.
All my liues sweet consists in her alone,
So much I loue the most vnloving one.

Behold





SONNET. XIII.

B Ehold what hap *Pigmallion* had to frame,
And carue his proper grieve vpon a stome,
My heawy fortune is much like the same,
I worke on Flint, and that's the cause I mone.
For haplesse loc euuen with mine owne desires,
I figured on the Table of mine hart,
The fairest forme, that all the world admires,
And so did perrih by my proper arte.
And still I toyle, to change the Marble breast
Of her, whose sweetest grace I doe adore,
Yet cannot finde her breathe vnto my rest,
Hard is her hart, and woe is me therefore.
O happy he that ioy'd his stome and arte,
Vnhappy I to loue a stony hart.

Those





S.O N N E T . X I I I .

T hose snary locks, are those same nets (my Deere,)
Where-with my liberie thou didst surprize ;
Loue was the flame that fired me so neere,
The Dart transpearsing, were those Christall eyes.
Strong is the net, and seruent is the flame ;
Deepe is the wound my sighes doe well report :
Yet doe I loue, adore, and praise the same,
That holds, that burnes, that wounds me in this sort.
And list not seeke to breake, to quench, to heale,
The bond, the flame, the wound that stretcheth so,
By knife, by liquor, or by salue to deale :
So much I please to perrish in my woe.
Yet least long trauailes be aboue my strength,
Good DELIA lose, quench, heale me now at length.

If

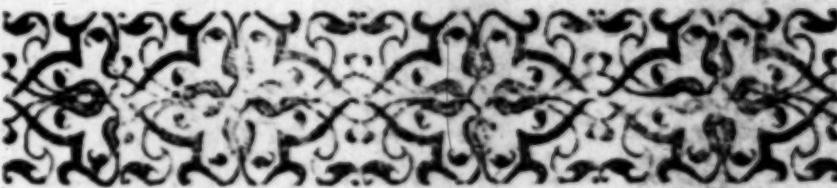




SONNET. XV.

If that a loyall hart and fayth vnfained,
If a sweet languish with a chait desire,
If hunger-staruen thoughts so long retained,
Fed but with smoake, and cherisht but with fire.
And if a brow with cares characters painted,
Bewraies my loue, with broken words halfe spoken,
To her that sits in my thoughts Temple sainted,
And layes to view my Vultur-gnawne hart open.
If I haue done due homage to her eyes,
And had my sighes still tending on her name ;
If on her loue my life and honour lyes,
And shee (th'vnkindest mayd) still scornes the same,
Let this suffice, that all the world may see,
The fault is hers, though mine the hurt must bee.

Happy





SONNET. XVI.

Happy in sleepe, waking content to languish,
Imbracing clowdes by night, in day time mourne,
My ioyes but shadowes, touch of truth my anguish,
Griefes euer springing, comforts never borne.
And still expecting when she will relent,
Grown hoarce with crying mercy, mercy gyue ;
So many vowes, and prayers hauing spent,
That weary of my selfe, I loathe to lyue.
And yet the Hydra of my cares renewes,
Still new-borne sorrowes of her fresh disdaine :
And still my hope the Sommer windes pursues,
Finding no end nor period of my paine.
This is my state, my griefes doe touch so neerely,
And thus I liue because I loue her deereley.

Why





SONNET. XVII.

Why should I sing in verse, why should I frame,
These sad neglected notes for her deere sake ?
Why should I offer vp vnto her name,
The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make ?
Why shold I striue to make her liue for euer,
That neuer deignes to giue me ioy to liue ?
Why shold m'afflicted Muse so much endeuour,
Such honour vnto cructie to giue ?
If her defects haue purchast her this fame,
What shold her vertues doe, her smiles, her loue ?
If this her worst, how shold her best inflame ?
What passions would her milder fauours moue ?
Fauours (I thinke) would fence quite ouer-come,
And that makes happy Louers euert dombe.

C 1

Since





SONNET. XVIII.

Since the first looke that led me to this error,
To this thoughts-maze, to my confusione tending :
Still haue I liu'd in griefe, in hope, in error,
The circle of my sorrowes never ending.
Yet cannot leauue her loue that holds me hatefull,
Her eyes exact it, though her hart disdaines me ;
See what reward he hath that serues th' vngrateful,
So true and loyall loue no fauour gaines me.
Still must I whet my young desires abated,
Vpon the Flint of such a hart rebelling ;
And all in vaine, her pride is so innated,
Shee yeeldes no place at all for pitryes dwelling.
Oft haue I told her that my soule did loue her,
(And that with teares,) yet all this will not moue her.

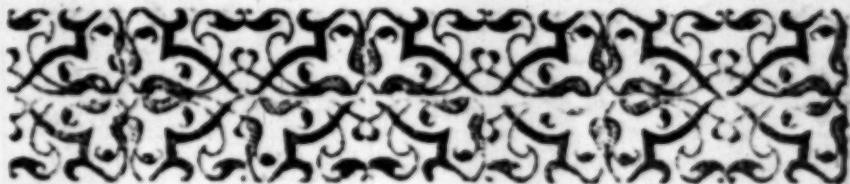
Restore





SONNET. XIX.

Restore thy tresses to the golden Ore,
Yeeld *Citherea* sonne those Arkes of loue ;
Bequeath the heauens the starrs that I adore,
And to th' Orient doe thy Pearles remoue.
Yeeld thy hands pride vnto th' Iuory white,
T' Arabian odors giue thy breathing sweet :
Restore thy blussh vnto *Aurora* bright,
To *Thetis* giue the honour of thy feete.
Let *Venus* haue thy graces, her resign'd,
And thy sweet voyce giue backe vnto the Spheares :
But yet restore thy fierce and cruell minde,
To *Hyrcan* Tygers, and to ruthles Beares.
Yeeld to the Marble thy hard hart againe,
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to paine.





SONNET. XX.

If Beauty thus be clowded with a frown,
That pitty shines no comfort to my blis,
And vapours of disdaine so ouer-growne,
That my liues light thus wholly darkned is.
Why should I more molest the world with cryes ?
The ayre with sighes, the earth below with teares ?
Sith I liue hatefull to those ruthlesse eyes,
Vexing with vntun'd moane her dainty cares.
If I haue lou'd her deerer then my breath,
My breath that calls the heauens to witnes it :
And still must hold her decree till after death.
And if that all this cannot moue a whit,
Yet let her say, that she hath done me wrong,
To vse me thus, and know I lou'd so long.

Come





SONNET. XXI.

C Ome Death the anchor-hold of all my thoughts,
My last resort whereto my soule appeales,
For all too-long on earth my fancy dotes,
Whilst age vpon my wasted body steales.

That hart being made the perspective of horror,
That honored hath the cruelst faire that liues,
The cruelst faire, that sees I languish for her,
Yet never mercy to my merrite giues.

Thys is her Lawrell and her triumphes prize,
To tread me downe with foote of her disgrace :
Whilst I did build my fortune in her eyes,
And layd my liues rest on so faire a face ;
Which rest I lost, my loue, my life and all,
So high attempts to low disgraces fall.





SONNET. XXII.

These sorrowing sighes, the smokes of mine annoy,
These teares, which heate of sacred flame distils,
Are those due tributes that my faith doth pay
Vnto the Tyrant, vvhose vnkindnes kills.
I sacrifice my youth, and blooming yeeres,
At her proude feete, and she respects not it :
My flowre vntimely's withred with my teares,
And Winter woes, for spring of youth vnfite.
Shee thinks a looke may recompence my care,
And so with lookes, prolongs my long-lookt ease,
As short that blisse, so is the comfort rare,
Yet must that blisse my hungry thoughts appease.
Thus she returnes my hopes so fruitlesse euer,
Once let her loue indeed, or eye me never.

False





SONNET. XXIII.

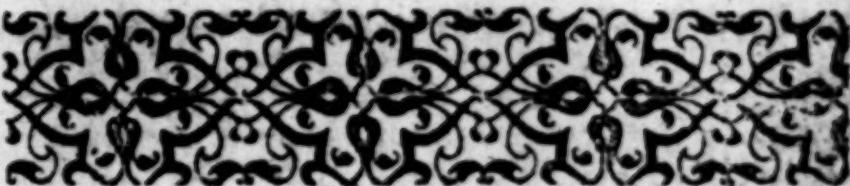
F Alse Hope prolongs my ever certaine griesse,
Traytour to me, and faithfull to my Loue :
A thousand times it promis'd me reliefe,
Yet neuer any true effect I proue.

Oft when I find in her no truth at all,
I bannish her, and blame her trecherie ;
Yet soone againe I must her backe recall,
As one that dyes without her companie.

Thus often as I chase my hope from mee,
Straight-way shee hastes her vnto D E L I A S eyes,
Fed with some pleasing looke there shall shée bee,
And so sent backe, and thus my fortune lyes.
Lookes feede my Hope, Hope fosters me in vaine,
Hopes are vnsure, when certaine is my paine.

C 4

Looke





SONNET. XXIII.

Looke in my grieses, and blame me not to mourne,
From care to care that leades a life so bad ;
Th' Orphan of Fortune, borne to be her scorne,
Whose clowded brow doth make my dayes so sad.
Long are their nights whose cares doe never sleepe,
Lothsome their dayes, whom no sunne euer ioyd,
Her fairest eyes doe penetrate so deepe,
That thus I liue both day and night annoyd.
But sith the sweetest roote doth yeeld thus much,
Her praise from my complaint I may not part :
I loue th'effect for that the cause is such,
Ile praise her face, and blame her flinty hart.
Whilit that we make the world admire at vs,
Her for disdaine, and me for louing thus.

Raigne





SONNET. XXV.

Raigne in my thoughts faire hande, sweete eye, rare
Posset me whole, my harts triumvirate : (voyce,
Yet heauy hart to make so hard a choysse,
Of such as spoile thy poore afflicted state.
For whilſt they ſtrive which ſhall be Lord of all,
All my poore life by them is troden downe :
They all erect their Trophies on my fall,
And yeeld me nought that giues the their renowne,
When backe I looke, I ſigh my freedome paſt,
And waile the ſtate wherein I preſent stand ;
And ſee my fortune euer like to laſt,
Finding me rain'd with ſuch a heauie hand ;
What can I do but yeeld? and yeeld I doo,
And ſcrue all three, and yet they ſpoyle me too.

Whilſt





SONNET. XXVI.

*Alluding to the Sparrow pursued by a Hawke, that
flew into the bosome of Zenocrates.*

W Hilst by her eyes pursu'd, my poore hart flew it,
Into the sacred bosome of my dearest :
Shee there in that sweet sanctuarie slew it,
Where it presum'd his safetie to be neerest.
My priuiledge of faith could not protect it,
That was with blood & three yeres witnes signed :
In all which time shee never could suspect it,
For well shee sawe my loue, and how I pined.
And yet no comfort would her brow reueale me,
No lightning looke, which falling hopes erecteth ;
What bootes to lawes of succour to appeale mee ?
Ladies and Tyrants, never lawes respecteth.
Then there I die, where hop'd I to haue liuen ;
And by that hand, which better might haue giuen.

Still





SONNET. XXVII.

S Till in the trace of my tormented thought,
My ceaselle eares must march on to my death :
Thy least regard too deerelie haue I bought,
Who to my comfort never deign'd a breath.
Why should'st thou stop thine eares now to my cryes,
Whose eyes were open, ready to oppresse me ?
Why shuit'st thou not the cause whence al did rise,
Or heare me now, and seeke how to redresse me ?
Iniurious D E L I A, yet He loue thee still,
Whilst that I breathe in sorrow of my smart :
Ile tell the world that I deseru'd but ill,
And blame my selfe for to excuse thy hart.
Then iudge who sinnes the greater of vs twaine,
I in my loue, or thou in thy disdaine.

Oft





SONNET. XXVIII.

Oft doe I meruaile, whether D E L I A s eyes,
Are eyes, or els two radiant starrs that shine :
For how could Nature euer thus devise,
Of earth on earth a substance so diuine.
Starrs sure they are, whose motions rule desires,
And calme and tempest follow their aspects :
Their sweete appearing still such power inspires,
That makes the world admire so strange effects.
Yet whether fixt or wandring starrs are they,
Whose influence rule the Orbe of my poore hart ?
Fixt sure they are, but wandring make me stray,
In endles errors, whence I cannot part.
Starrs then, not eyes, move you with milder view,
Your sweet aspect on him that honours you.

The





SONNET. XXIX.

THE starre of my mishap imposd this paine,
To spend the Aprill of my yeres in wayling,
That euer found my fortune in the wayne,
With still fresh cares my present woes assayling.

Yet her I blame not, though for her tis done,
But my desires wings so high aspyring,
Which now are melied by that glorious Sunne,
That makes me fall from off my hie desiring.
And in my fall, I cry for helpe with speed.

No pittyng eye lookes backe vpon my mourning,
No succour finde I now when most I need,
Th' Ocean of my teares must drowne me burning.
Whilst my distress shall christen her anew,
And giue the *Cruell Fayre* this title due.

And





SONNET. XXX.

AND yet I cannot reprehend the flight,
Or blame th'attempt presuming so to sore,
The mounting venter for a high delight,
Did make the honour of the fall the more.
For who gets wealth that puts not from the shore?
- Daunger hath honour, great designes their fame,
Glorie doth follow courage goes before.
And though th'euent oft aunswers not the same,
Suffise that high attempts haue never shame.
The Meane-obseruer, (whom base Safety keepes,)
Liues without honour, dies without a name,
And in eternall darknes euer sleepes.
And therefore D E L I A, tis to me no blot,
To haue attempted, though attain'd thee not.

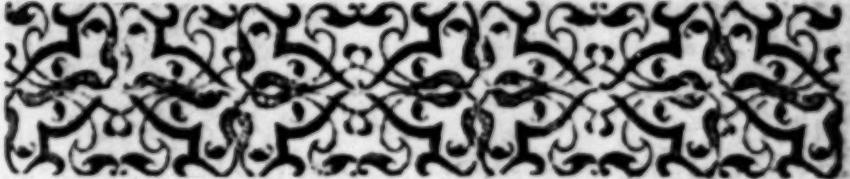
Raysing





SONNET. XXXI.

R Aysing my hopes on hills of high desire,
Thinking to scale the heauen of her hart,
My slender meanes presum'd too high a part ;
Her thunder of disdaine forst me retyre,
And threw mee downe to paine in all this fire,
Where loe I languish in so heauie smart,
Because th'attempt was farre aboue my arte :
Her pride brook'd not poore soules shoulde come so
Yet I protest my high aspyring will, (nie her.
Was not to dispossesse her of her right :
Her soueraignty shoulde haue remained still,
I onely sought the blisse to haue her sight.
Her sight contented thus to see mee spill,
Fram'd my desires fit for her eyes to kill.





SONNET. XXXII.

O Why doth D E L I A credite so her glasse,
Gazing her beautie deign'd her by the skyes ;
And doth not rather looke on him (alas)
whose state best shewes y force of murthering eyes
The broken tops of lostie trees declare,
The furie of a mercy-wanting storne :
And of what force your wounding graces are,
Vpon my selfe you best may find the forme.
Then leauue your glasse, and gaze your selfe on mee,
That Mirror shewes what power is in your face :
To view your forme too much, may daunger bee,
Narcissus chang'd t'a flower in such a case.
And you are chang'd, but not t'a Hiacint ;
I feare your eye hath turn'd your hart to flint.





SONNET. XXXIII.

I Once may see when yeres shall wreck my wrong,
When golden hayres shall change to siluer wier :
And those bright rayes that kindle all this fire,
Shall faile in force, their working not so strong.
Then beautie, (now the burthen of my song.)
Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yeeld vp all to tyrant Times desire ;
The fade those flowers that deckt her pride so long.
When, if shee grieue to gaze her in the glasse,
Which then presents her winter-withered hew,
Goe you my verse, goe tell her what she was ;
For what shet was shee best shall finde in you.
Your fierie heate lets not her gloriē passe,
But (Phenix-like) shall make her liue anew.

D 1

Looke





SONNET. XXXIIII.

LOKE *Delia*, how we steeme the half-blowne Rose,
The image of thy blush, and Sommers honour :
Whilst in her tender greene shee doth inclose,
The pure sweet beauti Time bestowes vpon her.
No sooner spreades her glory in the ayre,
But straight her ful-blowne pride is in declining ;
Shee then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fayre :
So clowdes thy beauty after fairest shining.
No Aprill can reuiue thy withred flowers,
Whose blooming grace adorns thy glory now :
Swift speedy Time, feathred with flying howers,
Dissolues the beautie of the fairest brow.
O let not then such riches waste in vaine,
But loue whilst that thou maist be lou'd againe.

But





SONNET. XXXV.

B V T loue whilst that thou maist be lou'd againe.
Now whilst thy May hath fill'd thy lap with flowers,
Now whilst thy beauty beares without a staine ;
Now vse thy Sommer smiles, ere Winter lowers.
And whilst thou spread'st vnto the rysing sunne,
The fairest flowre that euer saw the light,
Now ioy thy time before thy sweet be done,
And (*Delia,*) thinke thy morning must haue night.
And that thy brightnes sets at length to West,
When thou wilt close vp that which now y shlowest,
And thinke the same becomes thy fading best,
Which then shall hide it most, and couer lowest.
Men doe not wey the stalke for that it was,
When once they find her flowre her glory passe.

D 2

When

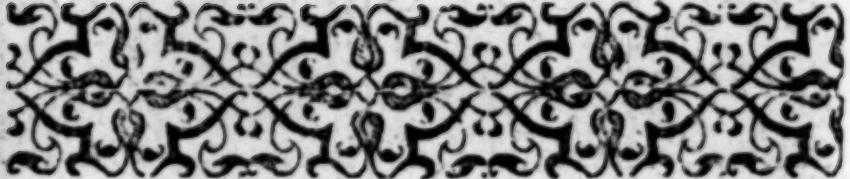




SONNET. XXXVI.

W Hen men shall finde thy flower, thy glory passe,
And thou with carefull brow sitting alone :
 Received hast this message from thy glasse,
 That tells the truth, and saies that all is gone ;
Fresh shalt thou see in mee the wounds thou madest,
 Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining,
 I that haue lou'd thee thus before thou fadest,
 My faith shall waxe, when thou art in thy waining.
The world shall finde this myracle in mee,
 That fire can burne when all the matter's spent :
 Then what my faith hath beene thy selfe shalt see,
 And that thou wast vnkind, thou maist repent.
Thou maist repent that thou hast scorn'd my teares,
When winter snowes upon thy golden haires.

When





SONNET. XXXVII.

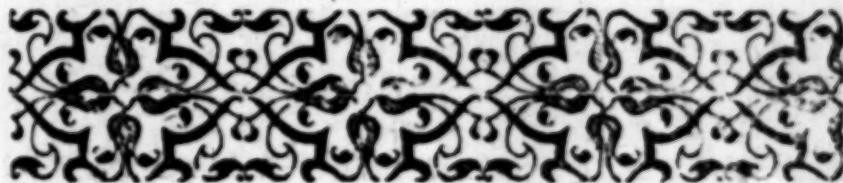
W Hen VVinter snowes vpon thy golden haires,
And frost of age hath nipt thy flowers neere,
VVhen dark shal seeme thy day that neuer cleeres,
And all lies withred that was held so deere.

Then take this picture which I heere present thee,
Limned with a Pensill not all vnworthy :
Heere see the gifts that God and nature lent thee,
Heare reade thy selfe, and what I suffred for thee.

This may remaine thy lasting monument,
Which happily posteritie may cherish,
These colours with thy fading are not spent,
These may remaine when thou and I shall perishe.
If they remaine, then thou shalt liue thereby.
They will remaine, and so thou canst not die.

D 3

Thou





SONNET. XXXVIII.

T Hou canst not die whilst any zeale abound
In feeling harts, that can conceiue these lynes;
Though thou a *Laura* hast no *Petrarch* found,
In base attyre, yet cleerely Beauty shines.
And I (though borne within a colder clime,)
Doe feele mine inward heate as great, (I know it,)
Hee never had more faith, although more rime,
I loue as well, though he could better show it.
But I may add one feather to thy fame,
To helpe her flight throughout the fairest Ile.
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then shouldest thou liue in an immortall stile.
For though that *Laura* better limned bee,
Suffise, thou shalt be lou'd as well as shee.

O





SONNET. XXXIX.

O Be not grieu'd that these my papers should
Bewray vnto the world how faire thou art :
Or that my wits hane shewed the best they could.
(The chasteſt flame that euer warmed hart.)
Thinke not (sweet D E L I A,) this ſhall be thy shame,
My Muse ſhould found thy praise with mournefull
How many liue, the glory of whose name, (warble,
Shall reſt in Ife, when thine is grau'd i[n] warble.
Thou maist in after ages liue esteem'd,
Vnburied in theſe lines reſeru'd in purenes ;
Theſe ſhall intome those eyes, that haue redeem'd
Mee from the vulgar, thee from all obſcurenes.
Although my carefull accents neuer moou'd thee,
Yet count it no disgrace that I haue lou'd thee.

D 4

D E L I A,





SONNET. XL.

D E L I A, these eyes that so admireth thine,
Haue scene those walls the which ambition reared,
To check the world, how they intombd haue lyen,
Within theselues; & on them ploughes haue eared.
Yet found I that no barbarous hand attaint,

The spoyle of same deseru'd by vertuous men :
VVhose glorious actions luckily had gaind,
Th'eternall Annals of a happy pen.

W^t y thē though D E L I A fade, let that not moue her,
Though time doe spoile her of the fairest vaile
That eu~~r~~ yet mortalitie did couer ;
Which must instarre the needle and the Raile.
That grace, that vertue, all that seru'd t' in-woman,
Dooth thee vnto eternitie assommon.

Faire





SONNET. XLI.

F Ayre and louely mayde, looke from the shore,
See thy *Leander* striuing in these waues :
Poore soule quite spent, whose force can do no more,
Now send forth hopes, for now calme pitty saues.
And wast him to thee with those louely eyes,
A happy conuoy to a holy Land :
Now shewe thy power, and where thy vertue lyes,
To faue thine owne, stretch out the fairest hand.
Stretch out the fairest hand, a pledge of peace ;
That hand that daris so right and never misles :
I shall forget old wrongs, my grieves shall cease ;
And that which gaue me wounds, Ile give it kisses.
O then let th' Ocean of my care find shore,
That thou be pleas'd, and I may sigh no more.

Read





SONNET. XLII.

R Eade in my face a volume of dispayres,
The wailing Iliads of my tragicke woe,
Drawne with my blood, & printed with my cares,
VVrought by her hand that I haue honour'd so.
VVho whilst I burne, shee sings at my soules wrack,
Looking aloft from Turret of her pride :
There my soules Tyrant ioyes her, in the sack
Of her owne seate, whereof I made her guide.
There doe these smoakes that from affliction rise,
Serue as an incense to a cruell Dame ;
A sacrifice thrice-gratefull to her eyes,
Because their powre serue to exact the same.
Thus ruines shee (to satisfie her will,)
The Temple, where her name was honour'd still.

My

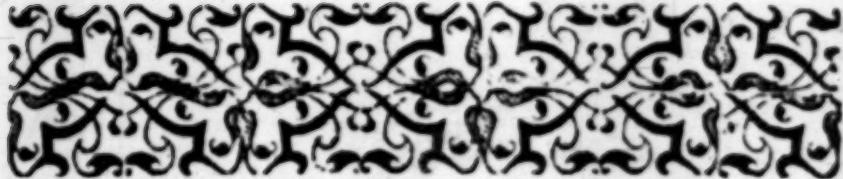




SONNET. XLIII.

MY DELIA hath the waters of mine eyes,
The ready handmaids on her grace attending :
That neuer fall to ebb, but euer rise,
For to their flow shee neuer grants an ending.
Th' Ocean neuer did attend more dulie
Upon his soueraignes course, the nights pale Queen,
Nor paid the impost of his waues more truely,
Then mine vnto her Deitie haue been.
Yet nought the rock of that hard hart can moue,
Where beate these teares with zeale, & fury driueth,
And yet I rather languish in her loue,
Then I would ioy the fairest shee that liueth.
I doubt to finde such pleasure in my gayning,
As now I taste, in compasse of complayning.

How





SONNET. XLIV.

H Owe long shall I in mine affliction mourne ?
A burthen to my selfe, distrest in mind,
VVhen shall my interdicted hopes returne,
From out dispaire wherein they liue confin'd.
VVhen shal her troubled brow, charg'd with disdaine,
Reueale the treasure which her smyles impart :
VVhen shall my faith the happines attaine,
To breake the Ise that hath congeald her hart.
Ynto herselfe; herselfe my loue doth sommon,
(If loue in her hath any power to moue,)
And let her tell me as shee is a woman,
VVhether my faith hath not deseru'd her loue.
I know shee cannot but must needs confess it,
Yet deignes not with one simple signe t'expresse it.

Beautie





SONNET. XLV.

B
EAUTIE (sweet Loue,) is like the morning dewe,
VVhoſe ſhort refresh vpon the tender greene :
Cheeres for a time but till the Sunne doth shew,
And ſtraight tis gone as it had neuer beene.
Soone doth it fade that makes the faireſt florish,
Short is the glory of the bluſhing Rose :
The hewe which thou ſo carefully doſt nouriſh,
Yet which at length thou muſt be forc'd to loſe.
VVhen thou ſurcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,
Shalt bend thy wrinklē homeward to the earth,
VVhen time hath made a paſport for thy feares,
Dated in age the Kalends of our death.
But ah no more, this hath beene often tolde,
And women grieue to thiſke they muſt be olde.

I





SONNET. XLVI.

I Must not grieue my Loue, whose eyes would reede
Lynes of delight, whereon her youth might smyle ;
Flowers haue a tyme before they come to seed,
And shee is young, and now must sport the while.
Ah sport (sweet Maid) in season of these yeeres,
And learne to gather flowers before they wither :
And where the sweetest blossoms first appeares,
Let loue and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.
Lighten forth smyles to cleare the clowded ayre,
And calme the tempest which my sighes do rayse,
Pittie and smiles doe best become the faire,
Pittie and smiles shall yeeld thee lasting praise.
I hope to say, when all my grieses are gone,
Happie the hart that sigh'd for such a one.



SONNET. XLVII.

 At the Authors going into Italie.

O Whether (poore forsaken) wilt thou goe,
To goe from sorrow, and thine owne distresse,
When every place presents like face of woe,
And no remoue can make thy sorrowes lesse ?
Yet goe (forsaken,) leauue these woods, these playnes,
Leauue her and all, and all for her that leaues
Thee and thy loue forlorne, and both disdaines ;
And of both, wrongfull deemes, and ill conceates.
Seeke out some place, and see-if any place
Can giue the least release vnto thy griefe :
Conuay thee from the thought of thy disgrace,
Steale from thy selfe, and be thy cares own thiefe.
But yet what comfort shall I heereby gaine ?
Bearing the wonnd, I needs must seele the paine.

Drawne





SONNET. XLVIII.

*This Sonnet was made at the Authors
beeing in Italie.*

D Rawne with th'attractiue vertue of her eyes,
My toucht hart turnes it to that happie cost :
My ioyfull North, where all my fortune lyes,
The leuell of my hopes desired most.
There where my DÆLIA, fairer then the Sunne,
Deckt with heryouth wheron y world doth smile,
Joyes in that honour which her eyes haue wonne,
Th' eternall wonder of our happy Ile.
Florish faire ALBION, glorie of the North,
Neptunes best darling, held betweene his armes :
Deuided from the world as better worth,
Kept for himselfe, defended from all harmes.
Still let disarmed peace decke her and thee :
And Muse-foe Mars, abroad farre foyred bee.

Care.





SONNET. XLIX.

C Are-charmer Sleepe, sonne of the sable Night,
Brother to death, in silent darknes borne :
Relieue my languish, and restore the light,
With darke forgetting of my cares returne.
And let the day be time enough to mourne,
The shipwrack of my ill aduentred youth :
Let waking eyes suffise to waile their scorne,
Without the torment of the nights vntruth.
Cease dreames, th' imaginary of our day desires,
To modell forth the passions of the morrow,
Neuer let rysing Sunne approue you lyers,
To adde more griefe to agrauate my sorrow.
Still let mee sleepe, imbracing clowdes in vaine,
And neuer wake to seele the dayes disdaine.

E 1

Let





SONNET. L.

LET others sing of Knights and Palladines,
In aged accents, and vntimely words,
Paint shadowes in imaginarie lines,
Which wel the reach of their high wits records ;
But I must sing of thee, and those faire eyes.
Autentique shall my verse in time to come,
When yet th'vnborne shal say, Loe where she lyes,
Whose beauty made him speake that els was dombe.
These are the Arkes the Trophies I'creat,
That fortifie thy name against old age :
And these thy sacred vertues must protect,
Against the darke and Times consuming rage.
Though th'error of my youth they shall discouer,
Suffise, they shew I liu'd, and was thy louer.

As





SONNET. LI.

A S to the Roman that would free his Land,
His error was his honour and renoune :
And more the fame of his mistaking hand,
Then if he had the Tyrant ouer-thrown.
So D E L I A hath mine errour made me knowne.
And my deceiu'd attempt, deseru'd more fame,
Then if I had the victory mine owne :
And thy hard hart had yeelded vp the same.
And so likewise, renowmed is thy blame,
Thy cructie, thy glorie ; ô strange case,
That errors should be grac'd that merrite shame,
And sinne of frownes bring honor to the face.
Yet happy D E L I A that thou wast vnkind,
But happier yet, if thou wouldest change thy minde.

E 2

Like





SONNET. LII.

Like as the Lute, that ioyes or els dislikes,
As is his arte that playes vpon the same,
So sounds my Muse, according as shee strikes
On my hart strings, high tun'd unto her fame.
Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
Which heere I yeeld in lamentable wise,
A wailing deskant on the sweetest ground,
VVhose due reports giue honour to her eyes.
Els harshe my stile, vntunable my Muse,
Hoarce sounds the voyce that praiseth not her name,
If any pleasing relish heere I vse,
Then iudge the world her beauty gives the same.
O happy ground that makes the musique such,
And blessed hand that giues so sweet a touch,

None



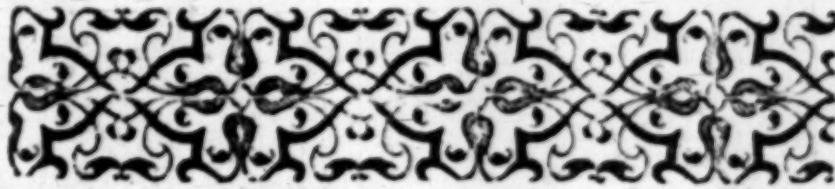


SONNET. LIII.

None other fame myne vnambitious Musc,
Affected euer, but t'eternize thee:
All other honours doe my hopes refuse,
Which meaner priz'd and momentarie be.
For God forbid I should my papers blot,
VVith mercynarie lines, with seruile pen:
Praysing vertues in them that haue them not,
Basely attending on the hopes of men.
No no, my verse respects nor Thames nor Theaters,
Nor seekes it to be knowne vnto the great,
But *Auon* poqre in fame, and poore in waters,
Shall haue my song where D E L I A hath her seate.
Auon shall be my Thanes, and shee my song,
Ile sound her name the Riuier all along.

E 3

Vnhappy





SONNET. LIII.

V Nhappy pen, and ill accepted papers,
That intimate in vaine my chaste desires :
My chaste desires, (the euer-burning Tapers,)
Inkindled by her eyes celestiall fires.
Celestiall fires, and vnrespecting powers,
That deigne not viewe, the glory of your might :
In humble lines the worke of carefull howres,
The sacrifice I offer to her sight.
But sith shee scornes her owne, this rests for mee,
Ile mone my selfe, and hide the wrong I haue,
And so content mee that her frownes should be
To m' infant stile the cradle and the graue.
What though my selfe no honour get thereby,
Each byrd sings to her selfe, and so will I.

Loc





SONNET. LV.

LOE heere the impost of a faith vnfaynning,
That loue hath paid, and her disdaine extorted :
Behold the message of my iust complaining,
That shewes y world how much my griefe imported.
These tributarie plaints fraught with desire,
I send those eyes, the cabinets of loue ;
The Paradice whereto my hopes aspire,
From out this hell, which mine afflictions proue.
Wherein I thus doe liue, cast downe from myrrh,
Pensiue alone,none but dispaire about mee,
My ioyes abortiuе, perrisht at their birth,
My cares long liu'd, and will not die without mee.
This is my state, and D E L I A S hart is such ;
I say no more, I feare I said too much.

FINIS.



An Ode.

Now each creature joyes the other,
passing happy dayes and houres,
One byrd reports unto an other,
in the fall of siluer showers,
Whilst the earth (our com-mon mother,)
hath her bosome decks with flowers.

Whilst the greatest Torche of heauen,
with bright rayes warmes FLORAS lap,
Making nights and dayes both eu'en,
cheering plants with fresher sap :
My field of flowers quite bereauen,
wants refresh of better hap.

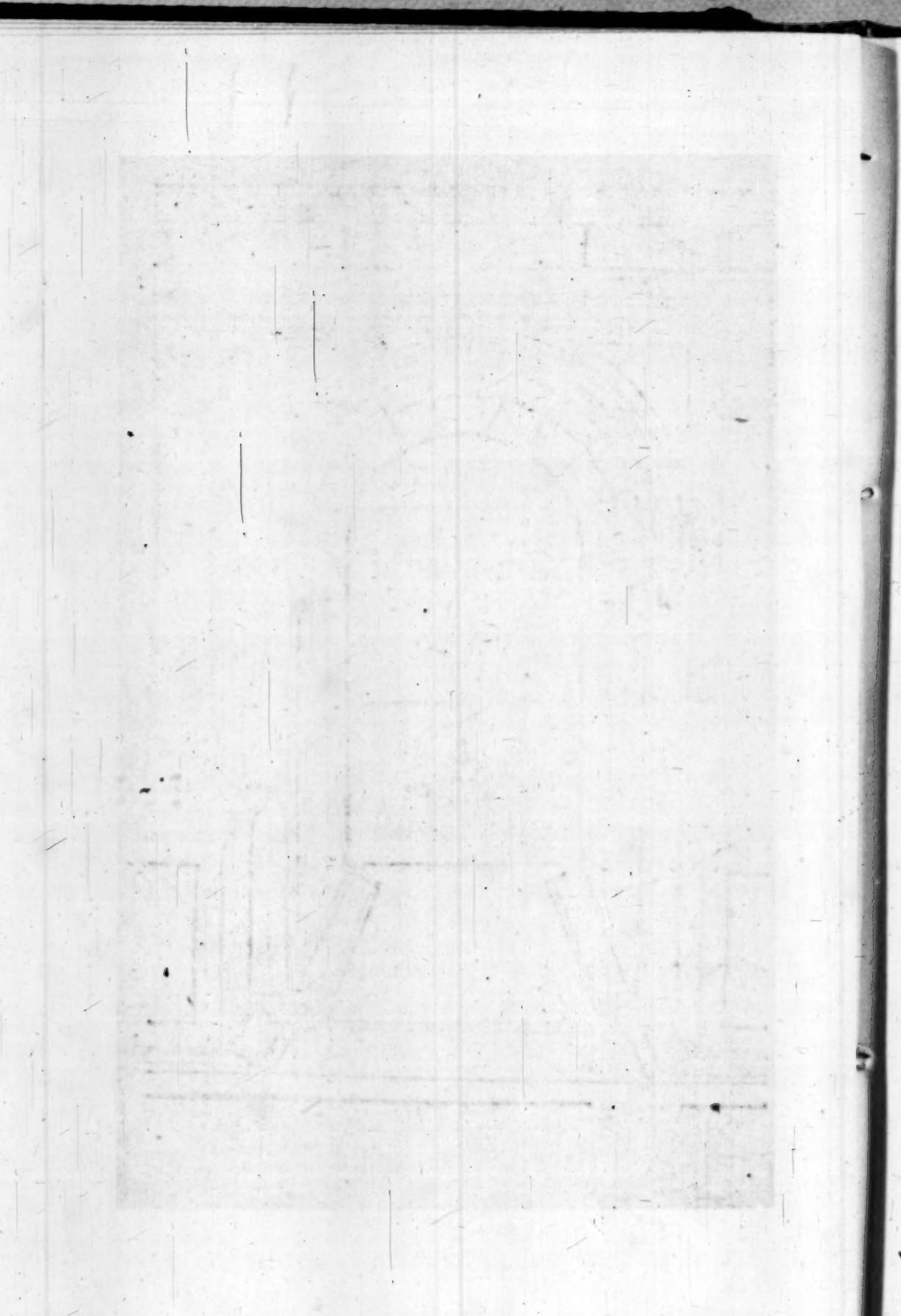
ECCHO, daughter of the Ayre,
(babbling guest of Rocks and Hills,)
Knowes the name of my fierce Faire,
And sounds the accents of my ills.
Each thing pitties my dispaire,
whilst that shee her Lower kills.

Whilst that shee (O cruell Mardon,)
doth mee and my loue disprise,
My lynes florish is decayd,
that depended on her eyes :
But her will must be obeyd,
and well he ends for loue who dies.

FINIS.

THE
Complaynt
of ROSA-
MOND.
(*)





THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND. (* * *)

OUT from the horror of Infernall deepes,
My poore afflicted ghost comes heere to plaine it,
Attended with my shame that neuer sleepes,
The spot wher-with my kinde and youth did staine it.
My body found a graue where to containe it.

A sherie could hide my face, but not my sin,
For Fame findes neuer tombe t'inclose it in.

And which is worse, my soule is now denied,
Her transport to the sweet Elisian rest,
The ioyfull blisse for ghostes repurified,
Th' euer-springing Gardens of the blest.
Caron denies mee waftage with the rest.

And sayes, my soule can never passe the Riuier,
Till Louers sighes on earth shall it deliuer.

So shall I never passe; for how should I
Procure this sacrifice amongst the living?
Time hath long since worne out the memorie,
Both of my life, and liues vniust depriuing,
Sorrow for mee is dead for aye reuiuing.

ROSAMOND hath little left her but her name,
And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the same.

No

THE COMPLAINT

No Muse suggests the pittie of my case,
 Each penne doth ouer-passe my iust complaint,
 VVhilist others are preserd, though farre more base ;
Shores wife is grac'd, and pastes for a Saint ;
 Her Legend iustifies her foule attaint.

Her wel-told tale did such compassion finde,
 That shee is pass'd, and I am left behind.

VVhich scene with griefe, my miserable ghost,
 (VVhilome inuested in so faire a vaile,
 VVhich whilst it liu'd, was honoured of the most,
 And being dead, giues matter to bewaile.)
 Comes to sollicite thee, (since others faile,) .

To take this taske, and in thy wofull song
 To forme my case, and register my wrong.

Although I know thy iust lamenting Muse,
 Toyld in th'affliction of thine owne distresse,
 In others cares hath little time to vse,
 And therefore maist esteeme of mine the lesse :
 Yet as thy hopes attend happy redresse,
 Thy ioyes depending on a womans grace,
 So moue thy minde a wofull womans case.

DELLA



17

OF ROSAMOND.

DELLA may hap to deigne to reade our story,
And offer vp her sigh among the rest,
Vvhose meritie would suffice for both our glory.
Vvhereby thou might'it be grac'd, and I be blest ;
That indulgence would profit me the best.

Such power shée hath by whom thy youth is led,
To ioy the liuing, and to blesse the dead.

So I (through beauty) made the wofull'it wight,
By beauty might haue comfort after death :
That dying fayrest, by the fairest might
Find life aboue on earth, and rest beneath.
Shee that can blesse vs with one happy breath,
Giue comfort to thy Muse to doe her best,
That thereby thou maist ioy, and I might rest.

Thus said : forth-with mou'd with a tender care,
And pittie, (which my selfe could neuer finde,)
Vvhat shée desir'd, my Muse deign'd to declare,
And therefore will'd her boldly tell her mind:
And I (more willing,) tooke this charge assynd,
Because her grieses were worthy to be knowne,
And telling hem might hap forget me nowat.

Then



THE COMPLAINT

Then write (quoth shee) the ruine of my youth,
Report the downe-fall of my slippery state,
Of all my life reueale the simple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late.
Exemplifie my fraultie, tell how Fate
Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come, to know them tis forbidden.

For whilst the sun-shine of my fortune lasted,
I ioy'd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heate
That euer yet impetuous beautie tasted,
I had what glorie euer flesh could get :
But this faire morning had a shamefull set.

Disgrace darkt honour, sinne did clowd my brow,
As note the sequel, and Ile tell thee how.

The blood I staind, was good and of the best,
My birth had honour, and my beautie fame :
Nature and Fortune ioynd to make me blest,
Had I had grace t'haue knowne to vse the same.
My education shew'd from whence I came,
And all concord to make me happy furst,
That so great hap might make me more accurst.

Happie



OF ROSAMOND.

Happie liu'd I, whilst Parents eye did guide,
The indiscretion of my feeble waies,
And Country home kept mee from being cyde,
Where best vndeowne I spent my sweeteit dayes;
Till that my friends mine honour sought to raise,
To higher place, which greater credite yeelds,
Deeming such beauty was vnsit for seeldes.

From Country then to Court I was preferr'd,
From calme to stormes, from shore into the deepes:
There where I perissh'd, where my youth first err'd,
There where I lost the flowre which honour keepes;
There where the worser thrives, the better weepes;
Ah mee (poore wench,) on this vnhappy shelsc,
I grounded mee, and cast away my selfe.

For thither com'd, when yeeres had arm'd my youth,
With rarest prooфе of beautie euer scene:
When my reuiuing eye had learnt the truth,
That it had power to make the winter greene,
And flowre affections whereas none had beeae;
. Soone could I teach my brow to tyranize,
And make the world doe homage to mine eyes.

For



THE COMPLAINT

For age I saw, (though yeeres with cold conceit,
Congeald their thoughts against a warme desire,)
Yet sigh their want, and looke at such a baite.
I saw how youth was waxe before the fire.
I saw by stealth, I fram'd my looke a lyre.

Yet well perceiu'd, how Fortune made me then
The enue of my sexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the first appearing,
Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it ;
Or as the saddest tale at suddaine hearing,
Makes silent listning vnto him that told it,
So did my speech when Rubies did vnfold it.
So did the blazing of my blish appeare,
To amaze the world, that holds such sights so deere.

Ah beauty Syred, faire enchanting good,
Sweet silent rhetorique of perswading eyes :
Dombe eloquence, whose power doth moue the blood,
More then the words, or wisedome of the wise ;
Sull harmonie, whose diapason lies
Within a brow, the key which passions moue,
To tauish fence, and play a world in loue.

VVhat



OF ROSAMOND.

VVhat might I then not doe whose power was such ?
What cannot women doe that know their powre ?
VVhat women knowes it not (I feare too much)
How blisse or bale lyes in their laugh or lowre ?
Whilst they enjoy their happy blooming flowre,
Whilst nature decks her w her proper faire (th'ayre.
Which cheeres the world, ioyes each sight, sweetens

Such one was I, my beauty was mine owne,
No borrowed blush which banck-rot beauties seeke :
That new-found shame, a sinne to vs vnkowne,
Th' adulterate beauty of a falled cheeke :
Vilde staine to honour, and to women eeke,
Seeing that time our fading must detect,
Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impietie of times, chasticles abator,
Falshood, wherein thy selfe thy selfe deniest :
Treason, to counterfeit the seale of Nature,
The stampe of heauen, impressed by the hiest.
Disgrace vnto the world, to whom thou lyest.
Idoll vnto thy selfe, shame to the wise,
And all that honour thee idolatrise.



THE COMPLAINT

Fame was that sinne from vs whose age was pure,
VVhen simple beauty was accounted best,
The time when women had no other lure
But me destie, pure cheekes, a vertuous brest.
Thys was the pompe wher-with my youth was blest.
These were the weapons which mine honor wun
In all the conflicts which mine eyes begun.

VVhich were not smal, I wrought on no meane obiect,
A Crowne was at my feete, Scepters obeyde mee,
Whō Fortune made my King, Loue made my subiect,
Who did cōmaund the land, most humbly praid mee,
HENRY the second, that so highly weigh'd mee,
Found well (by proofe) the priuiledge of Beauty,
That it had powre to counter-maund all duty.

For after all his victories in F R A V N C E,
Tryumphing in the honour of his deedes :
Vnmatch'd by sword, was vanquisht by a glaunce,
And hotter warrs within his bosome breedes.
VVaris, whom whole Legions of desires feedes.
Against all which, my chasticie opposes
The field of honour, vertue never loses.

No



OF ROSAMOND.

No armour might be found that could defend,
Transpearcing rayes of Christall poynted eyes :
No stratagem, no reason could amend,
No not his age ; (yet old men should be wise.)
But shewes deceiue, outward appearance lies.

Let none for seeming so, thinke Saints of others,
For all are men, and all haue suckt their mothers.

Who wold haue thought a Monarch would haue ever
Obeyd his hand-mayde of so meane estate ;
Vultur ambition feeding on his lyuer,
Age hauing worne his pleasures out of date,
But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late.

For such a dainty which his youth found not,
Vnto his feeble age did chaunce a-lot.

Ah Fortune, neuer absolutely good,
For that some crosse still counter-checks our luck ;
As heere behold th' incompatible blood,
Of age and youth was that whereon we stuck :
VVhose lothing, we from natures brests doe suck,
As opposite to what our blood requires.

For equall age, doth equall like desires.



THE COMPLAINT

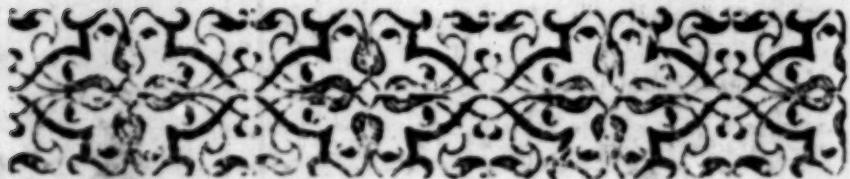
But mighty men, in highest honour sitting,
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold :
Sooth'd in their liking, careless what is fitting,
May not be suffred once to thinke the're old :
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.

Miserable fortune to forget so farre,
The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

Yet must I needes excuse so great defect,
For drinking of the *Leshe* of mine eyes,
H'is forc'd forget himselfe, and all respect
Of maiestie, whereon his state relies :
And now of loues, and pleasures must devise.
For thus reuiu'd againe, he serues and su'th,
And seekes all meanes to undermine my youth.

Which never by assault he could recouer,
So well incamp'd in strength of chaste desires :
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchast louer.
The Crowne that could commaund what it requires,
I leſſer priz'd then chastities attires.
Th'vnstained vaile, which innocents adorns,
Th'vngathred Rose, defended with the thornes.

And



OF ROSAMOND.

And safē mine honour stood, till that in truth,
One of my sexe, of place, and nature bad,
VVas set in ambush to intrap my youth.
One in the habite of like frailty clad.
One who the liu'ry of like weakenes had.
A seeming Matron, yet a sinfull Monster,
As by her words the chaster sort may conster.

Shee set vpon mee with the smoothest speech
That Court and age could cunningly devise :
Th'one autentique, made her fit to teach,
The other learnt her how to subtelise.
Both were enough to circumuent the vvise.
A document that well may teach the sage,
That ther's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (said shee,) behold thy happy chaunce,
That hast the lot cast downe into thy lap,
VWherby thou maist thy honor great aduaunce,
Whilst thou (vnhappy) wilt not see thy hap :
Such fond respect thy youth doth so inwrap,
T'oppose thy selfe against thine own good fortune,
That points thee out, & seemes thee to importune.



THE COMPLAINT

Doost thou not see, how that thy King (thy *Zone*,)
Lightens forth glory on thy darke estate :
And shewres downe gold and treasure from aboue,
VVhilst thou doost shut thy lap against thy fate ?
Fie fondling fie, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth ; that canst not see
VVhat is the fortune that doth follow thee.

Thou must not thinke thy flowre can alwaies florish,
And that thy beautie will be still admired :
But that those rayes which all these flames do nourish,
Canceld with Time, will haue theyr date expired,
And men will scorne what nowe is so desired.
Our frailties doome is written in the flowers,
Which florish now, and fade ere many howers.

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,
The wrack of yeeres vpon my aged brow,
I haue beene faire, (I must confess the truth,)
And stoaide vpon as nyce respects as thou ;
I lost my time, and I repent it now.
But were I to begin my youth againe,
I would redēeme the time I spent in vain.

But



OF ROSAMOND.

But thou hast yeeres, and priuiledge to vse them,
Thy priuiledge doth beare Beauties great seale ;
Besides, the law of nature doth excuse them,
To whom thy youth may haue a iust appeale.
Esteeme not Fame more then thou doost thy weale.
Fame, (wherof þ world seems to make such choice,)
Is but an Eccho, and an idle voyce.

Then why should this respect of honor bound vs,
In th' imaginary lists of reputation ?
Titles which cold seueritie hath found vs,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation :
Melancholies opinion, Customes relation ;
Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hell to the faire,
To leaue the sweet, for Castles in the ayre.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,
Honour, a thing without vs, not our owne :
VWheroft we see how many are bereau'd,
VWhich should haue reap'd the glory they had sowne.
And many haue it, yet vnworthy, knowne.
So breathes his blast thys many-headed beast,
VWheroft the wiest haue esteemed least.



THE COMPLAINT

The subtile Citty-women, better learned,
Esteeme them chast enough that best seeme so :
Who though they sport, it shall not be discerned,
Their face bewraies not what their bodies doe ;
Tis warie walking that dooth safeliest goe.

With shew of vertue, as the cunning knowes,
Babes are beguild with sweets, & men with shewes.

Then vse thy tallent, youth shall be thy warrant,
And let not honour from thy sports detract :
Thou must not fondly thinke thy selfe transparent,
That those who see thy face can iudge thy fact ,
Let her haue shame that cannot closely aet.

And seeme the chast, which is the chiefeſt arte,
For what we seeme each ſee, none knowes our hart.

The mighty, who can with ſuch ſinnes diſpence,
In ſteed of shame doe honors great beſtow :
A worthy author doth redeeme th'offence,
And makes the ſcarleſt ſinne as white as ſnow.
The Maieſtie that doth deſcend ſo low,
Is not defilde, but pure remains therein,
And being ſacred, ſanctifies the ſin.

What



OF ROSAMOND.

VVhat, doost thou stand on this, that hee is olde?
Thy beauty hath the more to worke vpon.
Thy pleasures want shall be supply d with gold,
Cold age dotes most when heate of youth is gone :
Enticing words preuaile with such a one.

Alluring shewes most deepe impression strikes,
For age is prone to credite what it likes.

Heere interrupt, shee leaues mee in a doubt,
VVhen loue began the combat in my blood,
Seeing my youth inuirond round about,
The ground vncertaine where my reasons stood ;
Small my defence to make my party good,
Against such powers which were so surely layd,
To ouer-throw a poore vnskilfull Mayd.

Treason was in my bones, my selfe conspiring,
To sell my selfe to lust, my soule to sin :
Pure-blushing shame was euен in retiring,
Leauing the sacred hold it glori'd in.
Honor lay prostrate for my flesh to win,
When cleaner thoughts my weakenes gan vpbray,
Against my selfe, and shame did force mee say ;

Ah



THE COMPLAINT

Ah Rosamond, what dooth thy flesh prepare?
Destruction to thy dayes, death to thy fame ;
Wilt thou betray that honor held with care,
T' entombe with blacke reproch a spotted name,
Leauing thy blush, the colours of thy shame.
Opening thy feete to sinne, thy soule to lust,
Gracelesse to lay thy glory in the dust.

Nay, first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee,
And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead,
Ere Serpent tempt thee taste forbidden Tree,
Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed ;
Suffring thy selfe by lust to be misled ;
So to disgrace thy selfe and grieue thine heires,
That *Cliffords* race should scorne thee one of theirs.

Never wish longer to inioy the ayre,
Then that thou breath'st the breath of chastitie :
Longer then thou preseru'st thy soule as faire
As is thy face, free from impuricie.
Thy face, that makes th'admir'd in every eye,
Where Natures care such rarities introule,
Which vs'd amisse, may serue to damne thy soule.

But



OF ROSAMOND.

But what? hee is my King, & may constraine mee,
Whether I yeeld or not, I liue defamed.

The world will thinke authority did gaine mee,
I shall be iudg'd his Loue, and so be shamed.

We see the faire condemn'd, that neuer gamed.

And if I yeeld, tis honourable shame,
If not, I liue disgrac'd, yet thought the same.

What way is left thee then (vnhappy maide,)
Whereby thy spotlesse foote, may wander out
This dreadfull daunger, which thou seest is layd,
Wherin thy shame dooth compasse thee about?
Thy simple yeeres cannot resolute this doubt.

Thy youth can never guide thy foote so eu'en,
But (in despight) some scandale will be giuen.

Thus stood I ballanc'd equally precize,
Till my fraile flesh did weigh me downe to sin;
Till world and pleasure made me partialize,
And glittering pompe my vanity did win.
When to excuse my fault my lusts begin.

And impious thoughts alledg'd this wanton clause,
That though I sinn'd, my sinne had honest cause.

So



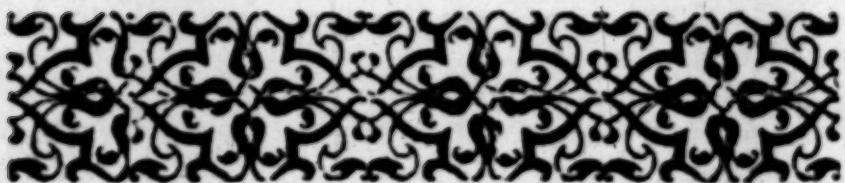
THE COMPLAINT

So well the golden balls cast downe before me,
Could entertaine my course, hinder my way :
Whereat my retchlesse youth stooping to store me,
Lost me the gole, the glory, and the day.
Pleasure had set my wel-schoold thoughts to play,
And bade me vse the vertue of mine eyes,
For sweetly it fits the fayre to wantonise.

Thus wrought to sin, soone was I traïnd from Court,
T' a solitarie Grange, there to attend
The time the King should thither make resort,
Where he loues long-desired worke should end.
Thither he daily messages doth send,
VVith costly Jewels (Orators of loue,)
Which (ah too wel men know) doe women moue.

- The day before the night of my defeature,
Hee greets mee with a Casket richly wrought ;
So rare, that arte did seeme to striue with nature,
T' expresse the cunning work-mans curious thought ;
The mistery whereof I prying sought.
And found engrauen on the lidde aboue,
Anymone, how shée with Neptune stroue.

Anymone



OF ROSAMOND.

Amyntone, old Danaas fairest Daughter,
As shee was fetching water all alone
At Lerna : whereas Neptune came and caught her,
From whom shee striu'd and strugled to be gone,
Beating the ayre with cryes and pittious mone.

But all in vaine, with him sh' is forc'd to goe,
Tis shame that men should vse poore maidens so.

There might I see described how shee lay,
At those proude feete, not satisfied with prayer:
VVayling her heawie hap, cursing the day,
In act so pittious to expresse dispaire.
And by how much more grieu'd, so much more faire.
Her teares vpon her cheekes (poore careful gele,)
Did seeme against the sunne christall and pearl.

Whose pure cleer streams, (which loe so faire appears,)
VVrought hotter flames, (o miracle of loue,)
That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,
And makes neglected beautie mightier proue,
Teaching afflicted eyes affects to moue;
To shew that nothing ill becomes the faire,
But cruelty, which yeelds vnto no prayer.

This



THE COMPLAINT

This hauing viewd, & therewith somthing moued,
Figured I finde within the other squares,
Trans-form'd lo, lo v e s decretely loued,
In her affliction how shée strangely fares.
Strangely distres'd, (ô beauty, borne to cares.)
Turn'd to a Heifer, kept with iealous eyes,
Alwaies in danger of her hatefull spyes.

These presidents presented to my view,
Wherein the presage of my fall was showne,
Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would ensue,
And others harmies haue made me shun mine owne.
But fate is not preuented, though fore-knowne.
For that must hap, decreed by heauenly powers,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

(Witnes the world, wherein is nothing riser,
Then miseries vnkend before they come :
Who can the characters of chaunce discipher,
Written in elowdes of our concealed dome ?
Which though perhaps haue been reueald to some,
Yet that so doubtful, (as successe did proue them,)
That men must know they haue y heauens aboue thē.



O F R O S A M O N D .

I saw the sinne wherein my foote was entring,
I saw how that dishonour did attend it,
I saw the shame whereon my flesh was ventring,
Yet had I not the powre for to defend it.
So weake is sence when error hath condemn'd it.

We see what's good, and thereto we consent,
But yet we choose the worst, and soone repent.

And now I come to tell the worst of ilnes,
Now drawes the date of myne affliction neere.
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in stilnes,
And dreadfull black had disposess'd the cleere,
Com'd wasthe Night, (mother of sleepe and feare ;)
Who with her Sable-mantle friendly couers,
The sweet-stolne sports, of ioyfull meeting Louers.

When loe, I ioyd my Louer, not my Loue,
And felte the hand of lust most vndesired :
Enforc'd th'vnprooued bitter sweet to prope,
Which yeelds no mutuall pleasure when tis hired.
Loue's not constrain'd, nor yet of due required.
Judge they who are vnforuntately wed,
What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

But



THE COMPLAINT

But soone his age receiu'd his short contenting,
And sleepe seald vp his languishing desires :
VVhen he turnes to his rest, I to repenting,
Into my selfe my waking thought retires :
My nakednes had prou'd my fences lyers.

Now opned were mine eyes to looke therein,
For first we taste the fruite, then see our sin.

Now did I finde my selfe vnpardis'd,
From those pure fieldes of my so cleane beginning :
Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduis'd,
My fleshe gan loathe the new-felt touch of sinning.
Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at first winning.

For nature checks a new offence with lothing.
But vse of sinne doth make it seeme as nothing.

And vse of sinne did worke in me a boldnes,
And loue in him, incorporates such zeale,
That iealousie increas'd with ages coldnes,
Fearing to loose the ioy of all his weale.
Or doubting time his stealth might els reuake,
H' is druen to devise some subtile way,
How he might safelies keepe so ritch a pray.

A



O F R O S A M O N D.

A stately Pallace hee forth-with did builde,
VVhose intricate innumerable waies,
VVith such confused errors so beguilde
Th'vnguided entrers with vncertaine straies,
And doubtfull turnings kept them in delayes,
With bootelesse labour leading them about,
Able to find no way, nor in, nor out.

VVithin the closed bosome of which frame,
That seru'd a Center to that goodly round :
VVere lodgings, with a Garden to the same,
With sweetest flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground.
And all the pleasures that delight hath found,
T'entertaine the sence of wanton eyes,
Fuell of loue, from whence lusts flames arise.

Heere I enclos'd from all the world a sunder,
The Minotaure of shame kept for disgrace,
The Monster of Fortune, and the worlds wonder,
Liu'd cloyfred in so desolate a case :—
None but the King might come into the place.

VVith certaine Maydes that did attend my need,
And he himselfe came guided by a threed.



THE COMPLAINT

O Ialousie, daughter of Enuy' and Loue,
Most way-ward issue of a gentle Syer ;
Fostred with feares, thy Fathers ioyes t'improue,
Myrth-marring Monster, borne a subtile lyer ;
Hatefull vnto thy selfe, flying thine owne desire :
Feeding vpon suspect that doth renue thee,
Happy were Louers if they neuer knew thee.

Thou hast a thousand gates thou enterest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our hart ;
Hundred eyed *Argus*, euert-waking Spie,
Pale Hagge, infernall Furie, pleasures smart,
Eniuious Obseruer, prying in every part ;
Suspicious, fearefull, gazing still about thee,
O would to God that loue could be without thee.

Thou didst deprive (through false suggesting feare,)
Him of content, and mee of libertie :
The onely good that women hold so deere,
And turnst my freedome to captiuitie,
First made a Prisoner, ere an enemy.
Enioynd the raunsome of my bodies shame,
Which though I paid, could not redēeme the same.
What



OF ROSAMOND.

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
Then to inforce the faire to liue retir'd ?
For what is beauty if it be not seene ?
Or what is't to be seene, vnlesse admir'd ?
And though admir'd, vnlesse in loue desir'd ?
Neuer were checkes of Roses, locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to lyue imprison'd in a Chamber.

Nature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the fire for heate, the Sunne for light :)
The faire doe hold this priuiledge as due
By auncient Charter, to lyue most in sight,
And shee that is debarr'd it, hath not right.
In vaine our friends (in this) vse their dehorting,
For beauty will be where is most resorting.

Witnes the fairest streets that Thames doth visite,
The wondrous concourse of the glittering Faire :
For what rare women deckt with beauty is it,
That thether couerts not to make repayre ?
The solitary Country may not stay her.

Heere is the center of all beauties best,
Excepting D E L I A, left t' adorne the West.



THE COMPLAINT

Heere doth the curious with iudicall eyes,
Contemplate beauty gloriously attired :
And heerein all our chieffest glory lyes,
To liue where we are prais'd and most desired.
O how we ioy to see our selues admired,
Whilst niggardly our fauours we discouer,
We loue to be belou'd, yet scorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foote had never mou'd
From Countrey safetie, from the fields of rest :
To know the danger to be highly lou'd,
And lyue in pompe to braue among the best,
Happy for mee, better had I been blest ;
If I vnluckily had never straide,
But liu'd at home a happy Country Maide.

VVhose vnaffected innocencie thinks
No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtly liuer :
She's deckt with trueth, the Riuver where shee drinks
Doth serue her for her glasse, her counsell giuer :
She loues sincerely, and is loued euer.

Her daies are peace, and so she ends her breath,
(True life that knowes not what's to dictil death.)

50



OF ROSAMOND.

So shoulde I never haue beeene registred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfotunate :
Nor had my name enrold with Maydes misled,
VVhich bought theyr pleasures at so hie a rate.
Nor had I taught (through my vnhappy fate,)
 This lesson, (which my selfe learnt with expence,)
How most it hurts that most delights the sence.

Shame followes sinne, disgrace is duly giuen,
Impietie will out, never so closely done :
No walls can hide vs from the eye of heauen,
For shame must end what wickednes begun ;
Foorth breakes reproch when we least thinke thereon.
 And this is euer proper vnto Courts,
That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lyes most secrete hidden,
Entering the closet of the Pallace dweller :
Abroade revealing what is most forbidden,
Of truth and falsehood both an equall teller.
Tis not a guard can serue for to expell her.
 The sword of iustice cannot cut her wings,
Nor stop her mouth from vtr'ring secrete things.



THE COMPLAINT

And this our stealth shee could not long conceale,
From her whom such a forfeit most concerned :.
The wronged Queene, who could so closely deale,
That shee the whole of all our practise learned,
And wacht a time when least it was discerned,
In absence of the King, to wreake her wrong,
With such reuenge as shee desired long.

The Laberinth shee entred by that threed,
That seru'd a conduct to my absent Lord,
Left there by chaunce, reseru'd for such a deed,
VVhere shee surpriz'd mee whom shee so abhord.
Enrag'd with madnes, scarce shee speakes a word,
But flyes with eager furie to my face,
Offring mee most vnwomanly disgrace.

Looke how a Tygresse that hath lost her whelpe,
Runns fiercely raging through the woods astray :
And seeing her selfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
Furiously assaults what's in her way,
To satisfie her wrath, (not for a pray;))
So fell shee on mee in outragious wise,
As could disdaine and icalousic devise.

And



OF ROSAMOND.

And after all her vile reproches vs'd,
Shee forst mee take the poysen shee had brought,
To end the lyfe that had her so abus'd,
And free her feares, and ease her icalous thought.
No cruelty her wrath would leauue vnwrought,
No spightfull act that to reuenge is common ;
(For no beast fiercer then a icalous woman.)

Heere take (saith shee) thou impudent vncleane,
Base graceles strumpet, take this next your hart ;
Your loue-sick hart, that ouer-charg'd hath beene
With pleasures surfeite, must be purg'd with arte.
This potion hath a power, that will conuert
To nought those humors that oppresse you so.
And (Gerle,) Ile see you take it ere I goe.

What stand you now amaz'd, retire you back ?
Tremble you (minion ?) come dispatch with speed.
There is no helpe, your Champion now you lack,
And all these teares you shed will nothing steed ;
Those dainty fingers needles must doe the deed.
Take it, or I will drench you els by force,
And trifle not, least that I vsy you worse.



THE COMPLAINT

Hauing this bloody doome from hellish breath,
My woful eyes on euery side I cast :
Rigor about me, in my hand my death,
Presenting mee the horror of my last ;
All hope of pitty and of comfort past.

No meanes, no powre, no forces to contend,
My trembling hands must giue my selfe my end.

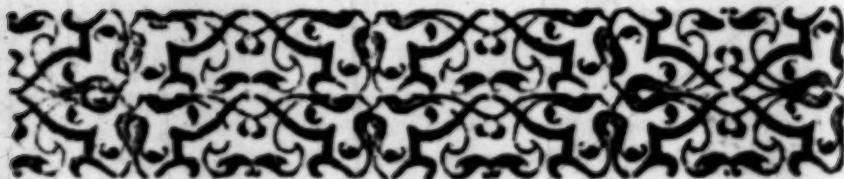
Those hands that beauties Ministers had been,
They must giue death that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gaue consent to sin,
Must nowe receiue destruction in thereat.

That body which my lust did violate,
Must sacrifice it selfe t'appease the wrong.
(So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.)

And shee no sooner saw I had it taken,
But foorth shee rushes, (proude with victory,)
And leaues m'alone, of all the world forsaken,
Except of Death, which shee had left with me.
(Death and my selfe alone together be.)

To whom shee did her full reuenge refer.
Ah poore weake conquest both for him and her.

Then



O F R O S A M O N D.

Then straight my Conscience summons vp my sin,
T'appeare before me, in a hideous face ;
Now doth the terror of my soule begin,
When eu'ry corner of that hatefull place
Dectates mine error, and reueales disgrace ;
Whilst I remaine opprest in euery part,
Death in my bodie, horror at my hart.

Downe on my bed my lothsome selfe I cast,
The bed that likewise giues in evidence
Against my soule, and tells I was vnchaift,
Tells I was wanton, tells I followed sence.
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence,
Must heere the right of heauen needs satisfie.
And where I wanton lay, must wretched die.

Heere I began to waile my hard mishap,
My suddaine, strange vnlookt for misery.
Accusing them that did my youth intrap,
To gyue me such a fall of infamie.
And poore distressed R O S A M O N D, (said I,)
Is this thy glory got, to die forlorne
In Dezarts, where no care can heare thee morne ?

Nor



THE COMPLAINT

Nor any eye of pitty to behold
The wofull end of thy sad tragedie ;
But that thy wrongs vnseene, thy tale vntold,
Must heere in secrete silence buried lie.
And with thee, thine excuse together die.
Thy sin reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy shame aliue, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breathe out to these walls the breath of mone,
Tell th'ayre thy plaints, sith men thou canst not tell.
And though thou perrish desolate alone,
Tell yet thy selfe, what thy selfe knowes too well :
Vtter thy griefe where-with thy soule doth swell.
And let thy hart, pitty thy harts remorse,
And be thy selfe the mourner and the Corse.

Condole thee heere, clad all in black dispaire,
With silence onely, and a dying bed ;
Thou that of late, so florishing, so sayre,
Did glorious liue, admir'd and honored :
And now from friends, from succour hether led,
Art made a spoyle to lust, to wrath, to death,
And in disgrace, forst heere to yeeld thy breath.

Did



O F R O S A M O N D.

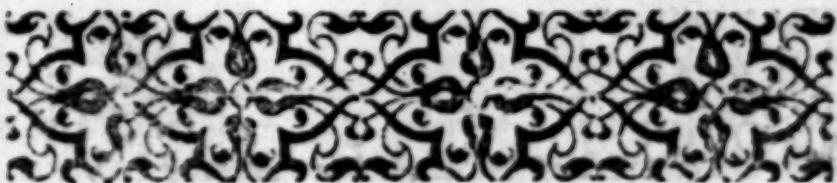
Did Nature (o for thys) deliberate,
To shew in thee the glory of her best ;
Framing thine eye the star of thy ill fate,
And made thy face the foe to spoyle the rest ?
O Beautie, thou an enemy profest,
 To chastitie and vs that loue thee most,
Without thee how w'are loath'd, & w' thee lost ?

O you that proude with liberty and beautie,
(And o may well be proude that you be so,)
Glitter in Court, lou'd and obseru'd of dutie ;
O that I might to you but ere I goe
Speake what I seele, to warne you by my woe,
 To keepe your feet in pure cleane pathes of shame,
That no inticing may diuert the same.

See'ng how against your tender weaknes still,
The strength of wit, of gold, and all is bent ;
And all th'affaults that euer might or skill,
Can giue against a chaste and cleane intent :
Ah let not greatnes worke you to consent.

The spot is soule, though by a Monarch made,
Kings cannot priuiledge a sinne forbade.

Lock



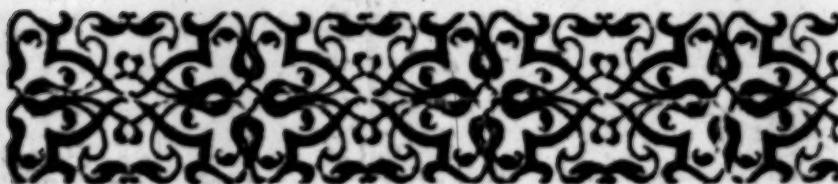
THE COMPLAINT

Lock vp therefore the treasure of your loue,
Vnder the surest keyes of feare and shame :
And let no powres haue powre chaste thoughts to moue
To make a lawlesse entry on your fame.
Open to those the comfort of your flame,
VVhose equall loue shal martch with equal pace,
In those pure waies that leade to no disgrace.

For see how many discontented beds,
Our owne aspyring, or our Parents pride
Haue caus'd, whilst that ambition vainly weds
Wealth and not loue, honor and nought beside :
VWhilst married but to titles, we abide
As wedded widdowes, wanting what we haue,
When shadowes cannot giue vs what we craue.

Or whilst we spend the freshest of our time,
The sweet of youth in plotting in the ayrc ;
Alas how oft wee fall, hoping to clime.
Or wither as vnprofitably faire,
Whilst those decayes which are without repayre,
Make vs neglected, scorned and reprou'd.
(And ô what are we, if we be not lou'd ?)

Faſten



O F. ROSAMOND.

Fasten therefore vpon occasions fit,
Leaſt this, or that, or like disgrace as mine,
Doe ouer-take your youth to ruine it,
And clowde with infamie your beauties ſhine :
Seeing how many ſecke to vndermine
The treasury that's vnpoffet of any :
And hard tis kept that is deſir'd of many.

And flye, (ô flye,) theſe Bed-brokers vncleane,
(The Monſters of our ſexe,) that make a pray
Of theyr owne kind, by an vnkindly meane ;
And cuen (like Vipers,) eating out a way
Thorow th' wombe of their own shame, accuſed they
Lyue by the death of Fame, the gaine of ſin,
The filth of luſt, vncleanes wallowes in.

O is it not enough that wee, (poore wee,)
Haue weaknes, beaute, gold, and men our foes,
But we muſt haue ſome of our ſelues to bee
Traytors vnto our ſelues, to ioyne with thoſe ?
Such as our feeble forces doe diſcloſe,
And ſtill betray our cauſe, our shame, our youth,
To luſt, to follie, and to mens vattruth ?

Hateful



THE COMPLAINT

Hatefull confounders both of blood and lawes,
Vilde Orators of shame, that pleade delight :
Vngracious Agents in a wicked cause,
Factors for darknes, messengers of night,
Serpents of guile, diuels, that doe invite
The wanton taste of that forbidden tree,
vvhose fruit once pluckt, will shew how soule we be.

You in the habite of a graue aspect,
(In credite by the trust of yeeres,) can shooe
The cunning wayes of lust, and can direct
The fayre and wilie wantons how to goe :
Hauing (your lothsome selues) your youth spent so.
And in vncleanes, euer haue beeene fed,
By the reuenue of a wanton bed.

By you, haue beeene the innocent betrayd,
The blushing scarefull boldned vnto sin,
The wife made subtile, subtile made the mayd,
The husband scorn'd, dishonored the kin :
Parents disgrac'd, children infamous been.
Confus'd our race, and falsi-fied our blood,
Whilst fathers sonnes, possess wrong Fathers good.
This



O F R O S A M O N D .

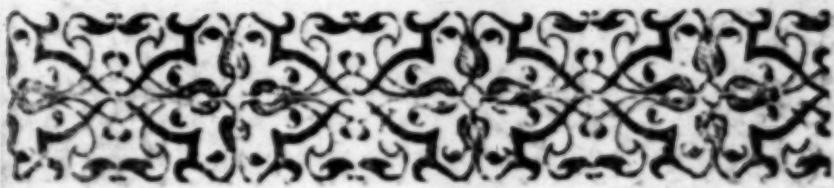
This, and much more, I would haue vtred then,
A testament to be recorded still,
Signd with my blood, subscrib'd with Conscience pen,
To warne the faire and beautifull from ill,
And ô I wish (by th' example of my will,)
I had not left this sin vnto the fayre,
But dyde intestat to haue had no heire.

But now, the poysون spred through all my vaines,
Gan dispossesse my liuing sences quite :
And naught respecting Death, (the last of paines,)
Plac'd his pale colours, (th' ensigne of his might,)
Vpon his new-got spoyle before his right ;
Thence chae'd my soule, setting my day ere noone,
When I least thought my ioyes could end so soone.

And as conuaid t'vntimely funeralles,
My scarree cold corsc not suffred longer stay,
Behold, the King (by chaunce) returning, falles
T' encounter with the same vpon the way,
As he repaired to see his deerest ioy.

Not thinking such a meeting could haue beene,
To see his Loue, and seeing beene vnsene.

Judge



THE COMPLAINT

Judge those whō chance deprives of sweetest treasure,
VVhat tis to lose a thing we hold so deere :
The best delight, wherein our soule takes pleasure,
The sweet of life, that penetrates so neere.
VVhat passions feelest that hart, inforc'd to beare
The deepe impression of so strange a sight ?
Tongue, pen, nor arte can never shew aright.

Amaz'd hee stands, nor voyce nor body steares,
Words had no passage, teares no issue found,
For sorrow shut vp words, wrath kept in teares,
Confus'd affects each other doe confound :
Oppres'd with griefe, his passions had no bound.
Striving to tell his woes, words would not come ;
For light cares speak, whē mighty griefs are dombe.

At length, extremitie breakes out a way,
Through w^th' imprisoned voice with teares attended,
VVailes out a sound that sorrowes doe bewray,
VVith armes a-crosse, and eyes to heauen bended,
Vaporing out sighes that to the skyes ascended.
Sighes, (the poore easc calamitie affoords,))
Which serue for speech whē sorrow wanteth words.

O



• OY ROSEMOND.

O heauess (quoth hee,) why doe mine eyes behold
The hatefull rayes of this vnhappy sunne ?
Why haue I light to see my sinnes controll,
With blood of mine own shame thus vildly done ?
How can my sight endure to looke thereon ?

VVhy doth not blacke eternall darknes hide,
That from mine eyes, my hart cannot abide ?

VVhat saw my life, wherein my soule might ioy,
VVhat had my dayes, whom troubles stil afflicted,
But onely this, to counterpoize annoy ?
This ioy, this hope, which Death hath interdicted ;
This sweet, whose losse hath all distresse inflicted.

This, that did season all my sowre of life,
Vext still at home with broyles, abroad in strife.

Vext still at home with broyles, abroad in strife,
Dissention in my blood, iarres in my bed :
Distrust at boord, suspecting still my life,
Spending the night in horror, dayes in dread ;
(Such life hath Tyrants, and this life I led.)

These miseries goe mask'd in glittering shewes,
Which wise men see, the vulgar little knowes.

H 1

Thus

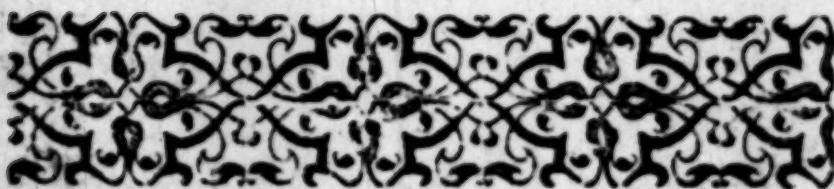


THE COMPLAINT

Thus as these passions doe him ouerwhelme,
Hee drawes him neare my body to behold it.
And as the Vine married vnto the Elme
With strict imbraçes, so doth hee infold it.
And as he in his carefull armes doth hold it,
Viewing the face that euен death commends,
On sencelesse lips, millions of kisses spends.

Pittifull mouth (saith hee) that lyuing gauest
The sweetest comfort that my soule could wish :
O be it lawfull now, that dead thou hauest,
This sorrowing fare-well of a dying kisse.
And you faire eyes, containers of my blisse,
Motuies of loue, borne to be matched neuer,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles sleepe for eues.

Ah how me thinks I see Death dallying seekes,
To entertaine it selfe in Loues sweet place ;
Decayed Roses of discoloured cheekees,
Doe yet retaine deere notes of former grace :
And i glie Death sits faire within her face ;
Sweet remnantes resting of vermillion Red,
That Death it selfe doubis whether shee be dead.
Wonder



OF ROSAMOND.

VVonder of beauty, oh receiue these plaintes,
These Obsquiet, the last that I shall make thee?
For loe, my soule that now already faints,
(That lou'd thee liuing, dead will not forsake thee,)
Hastens her speedy course to ouer-take thee.

Ile meet my death, and free my selfe thereby,
For (ah) what can bee doe that cannot die?

Yet ere I die, thus much my soule doth vow,
Reuenge shall sweeten death with ease of minde:
And I will cause posteritie shall know,
How faire thou wert aboue all women kind.
And after-ages Monuments shall find,
Shewing thy beauties title, not thy name,
Rose of the world that sweetned so the same.

This said, though more desirous yet to say,
(For sorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer,)
Hee doth represse what griefe would els bewray,
Least hee too much his passions should discouer.
And yet respect scarce bridles such a Louer.

So farre transported that he knew not whither,
For Loue and Maiestie dwell ill together.

H 2

Then



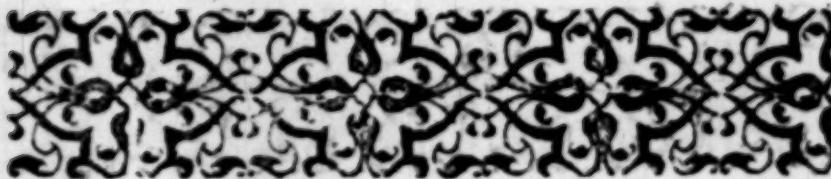
THE COMPLIMENT

Then were my funeralls not long desir'd,
But done with all the rites mortall could devise,
At Godstow, where my body was interred,
And richly embowled in honourable wise,
Where yet as now scarce any note deserveth
Vnto these times, the memory of mee,
Marble and Brasse so lange lasting bee.

For those walls which the credulous denou're,
And apt-believing ignorant did found :
With willing zeale, that never call'd in doubt,
That time theyr works should euer so confound,
Lye like confused heapes as vnder-ground.
And what theyr ignorauce esteem'd so holy,
The wiser ages doe account as follie.

And were it not thy fauourable lynes,
Re-edified the wracke of my decayes,
And that thy accents willingly assignes,
Some farther date, and giue me longer dayes,
Few in this age had knowne my beauties prayse.
But thus renewd, my fame redemes some time,
Till other ages shall neglect thy rime.

Then



OF ROSAMOND.

Then wben confusion in her course shall bring,
Sad desolation on the times to come :
When mirth-lesse Thames shal haue no Swan to sing,
All Musique silent, and the Muses dombe.
And yet euен then it must be knowne to some,
That once they florisht, though not cherisht so,
And Thames had Swannes as well as euer Po.

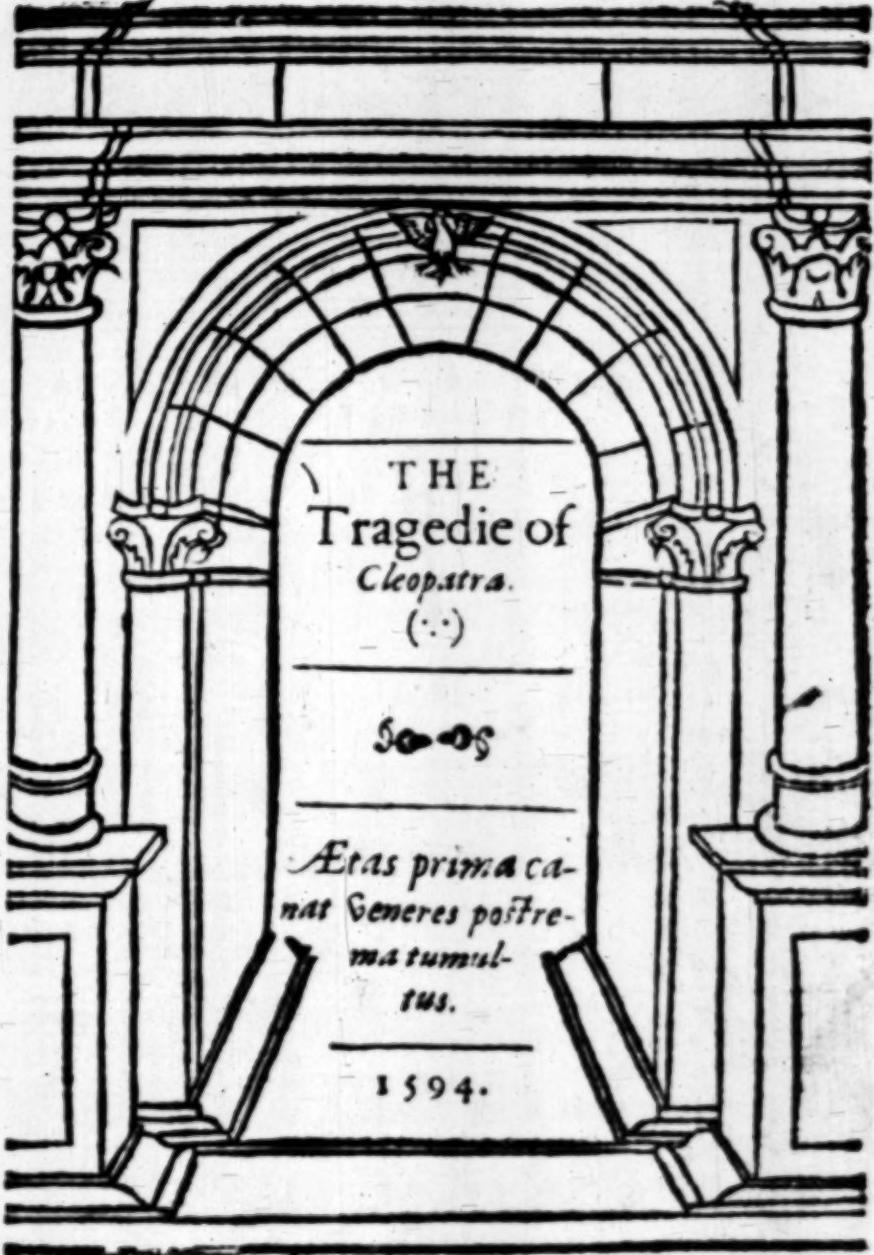
But heere an end, I may no longer stay thee,
I must returne t'attend at *Sisgian* flood :
Yet ere I goe, this one word more I pray thee,
Tell D E L I A, nowe her sigh may doe mee good,
And will her note the frailtie of our blood.
And if I passe vnto those happy banks,
The she must haue her prayse, thy pen her thanks.

So vanquisht shee, and left mee to returne,
To prosecute the tenor of my woes :
Eternall matter for my Muse to Mourne,
But (ah) the world hath heard too much of those,
My youth such errors must no more disclose.
Ile hide the rest, and grieue for what hath beene,
Who made me known,must make me liue vnscene.

FINIS.



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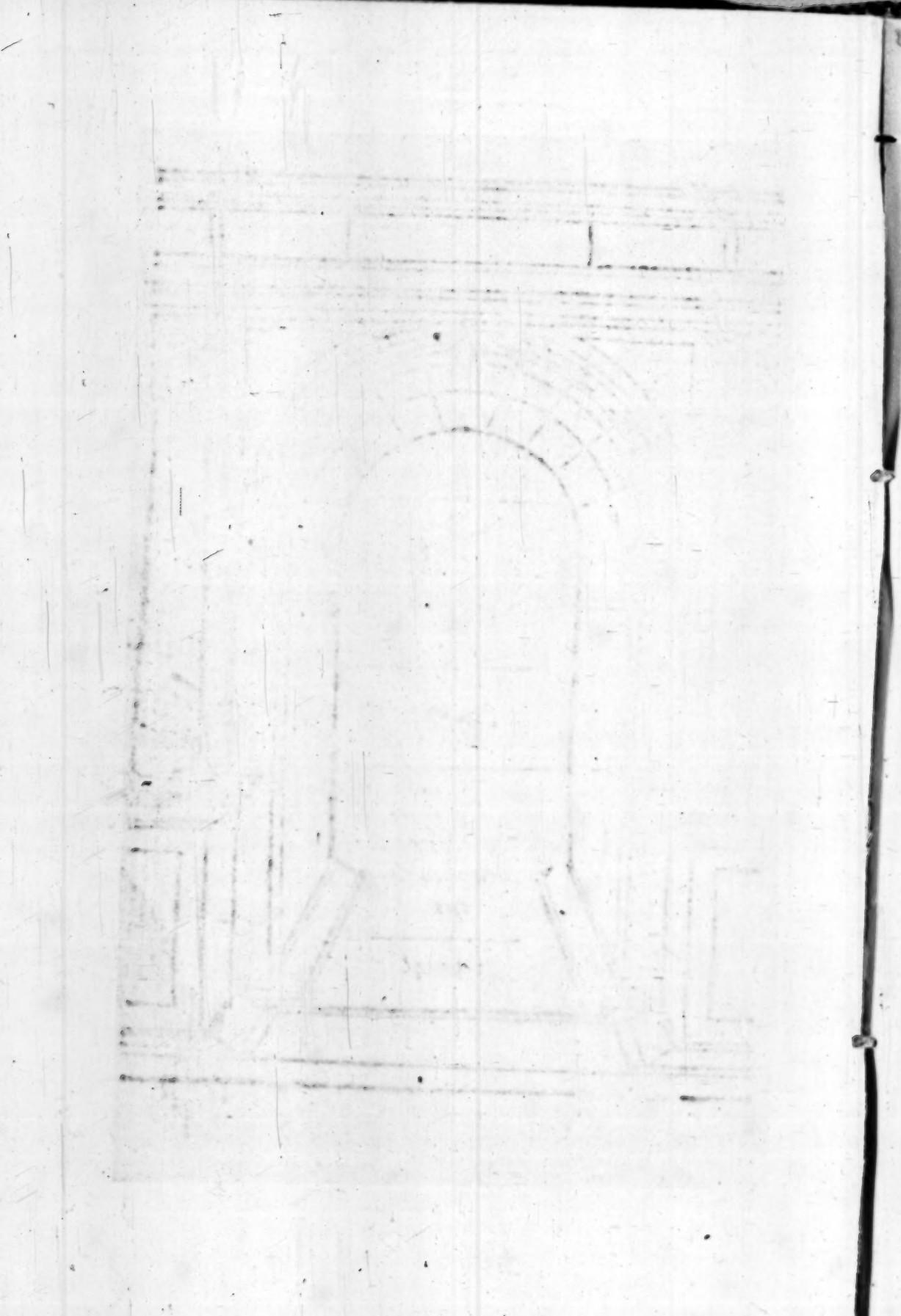


THE
Tragedie of
Cleopatra.
(::)

Scenes

*Eas prima ca-
nat Genere postre-
matumul-
sus.*

1594.





To the Right Honourable, the
Lady *Marie*, Countesse of
P E M B R O O K E.

O E heere the worke the which she did impose,
Who onely doth predominate my Muse :
The starre of wonder, which my labours chose
To guide their way in all the course I vse.
Shee, whose cleere brightnes doth alone infuse
Strength to my thoughts, and makes mee what I am ;
Call'd vp my spirits from out their low repose,
To sing of state, and tragick notes to frame.

I, who (contented with an humble song.)
Made musique to my selfe that pleas'd mee best,
And onely told of D E L I A, and her wrong,
And prais'd her eyes, and plain'd mine owne vnrest :
(A text from whence my Muse had not degrest.)
Madam, had not thy well grac'd *Anthony*,
(Who all alone having remained long,)
Requir'd his *Cleopasras* company.

Who

To the Countesse

Who if shee heere doe so appeare in act,
That for his Queene & Loue he scarce wil know her,
Finding how much shee of her selfe hath lackt,
And misst that glory wherein I should shew her,
In maiestie debas'd, in courage lower ;
Yet lightning thou by thy sweet fauouring eyes,
My darke defects which from her sp'rit detract,
Hee yet may gesse it's shee ; which will suffise.

And I heereafter, in another kinde,
More fitting to the nature of my vaine,
May (petaduenture) better please thy minde,
And higher notes in sweeter musique straine :
Seeing that thou so graciously doost daine,
To countenaunce my song and cherish mee.
I must so worke posterity may finde
How much I did contend to honour thee.

Now when so many pennes (like Speares) are charg'd,
To chace away this tyrant of the North :
Groſſ Barbarism, whose powre growne far inlarg'd,
Was lately by thy valiant Brothers worth,
First found, encountr'd, and prouoked forth :
Whose onset made the rest audacious,
Whereby they likewise haue so well discharg'd,
Vpon that hidious Beast incroching thus.

And

of Pembroke.

And now must I with that poore strength I haue,
Resist so soule a foe in what I may :
And arme against oblivion and the graue,
That els in darknes carries all away,
And makes of all our honors but a pray.
So that if by my penne procure I shall
But to defend mee, and my name to saue,
Then though I die, I cannot yet die all;

But still the better part of me will liue,
Deckt and adorned with thy sacred name,
Although thy selfe doſt farre more glory giue
Vnto thy ſelfe, then I can by the ſame.
Who dooſt with thine owne hand a Bulwarke frame
Againſt theſe Monsters, (enemites of honour,))
VVhich euer-more ſhall ſo defend thy Fame,
That Time nor they, ſhall neuer pray vpon her.

Thoſe Hymnes that thou dooſt conſecrate to heauen,
Which Israels Singer to his God did frame :
Vnto thy voyce eternitie hath giuen,
And makes thee deere to him frō whence they came.
In them muſt reſt thy euer reverent name,
So long as Syons G o D remaineth honoured ;
And till conſuſion hath all zeale be-reauen,
And murthered Fayth, and Temples ruined.

By

To the Countesse

By this, (Great Lady,) thou must then be knowne,
VVhen *Wilton* lyes low leudl'd with the ground :
And this is that which thou maist call thine owne,
VWhich sacriligious time cannot confound ;
Heere thou suruiu'st thy selfe, heere thou art found
Of late succeeding ages, fresh in fame :
This Monument cannot be over-thrown,
Where, in eternall Brasse remaines thy Name.

O that the Ocean did not bound our stile
VWithin these strict and narrow limmits so :
But that the melody of our sweet Ile,
Might now be heard to *Tyber*, *Arme*, and *Po*.
That they might know how far *Thames* doth out-go
The musique of Declyned Italie :
And listning to our songs another while,
Might learne of thee, their notes to purifie.

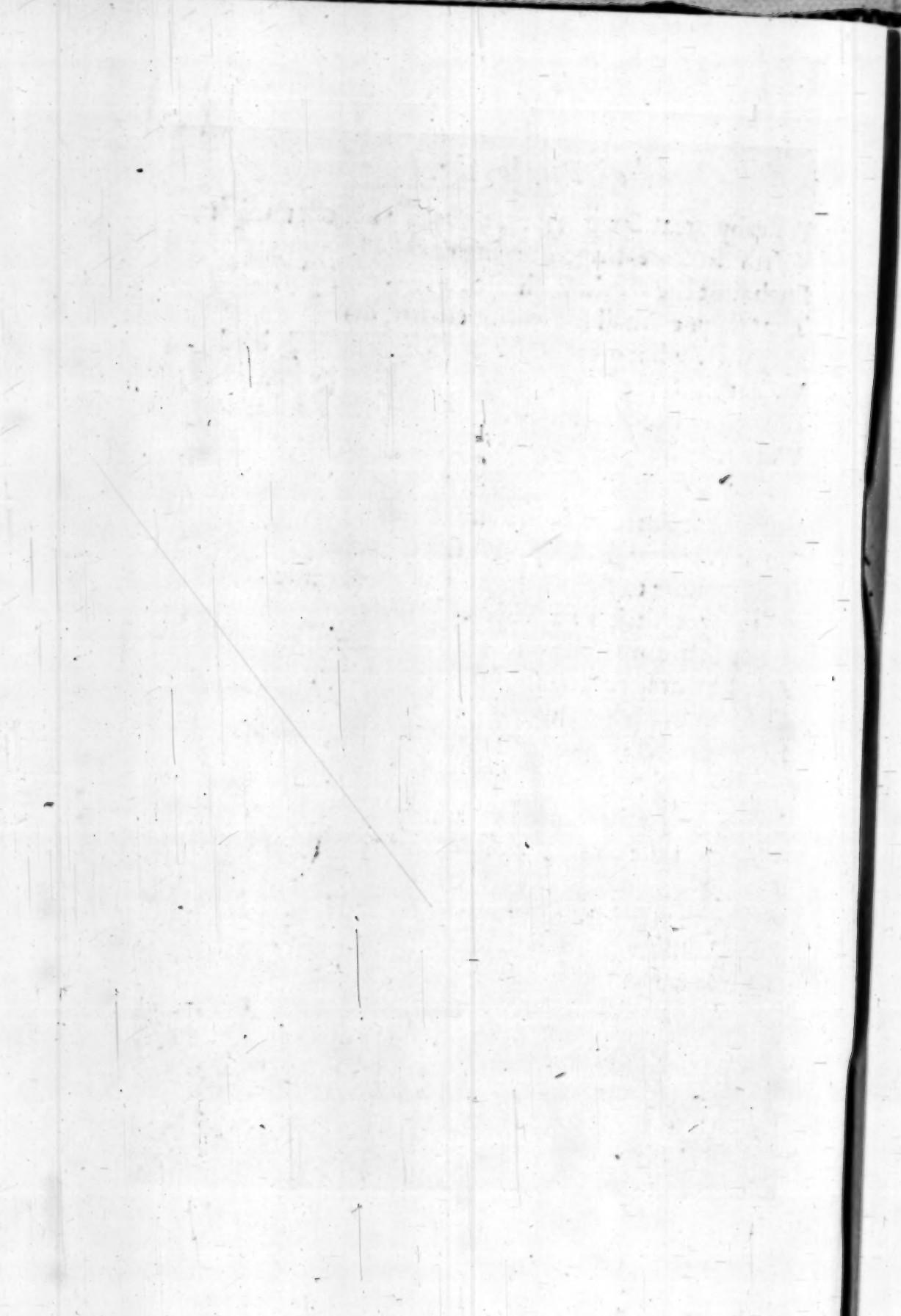
O why may not some after-comming hand,
Vnlock these limmits, open our confines :
And breake a sunder this imprisoning band,
To enlarge our spirits, and publish our dignenes ;
Planting our Roses on the *Apenines*?
And teach to *Rhene*, to *Loyre*, and *Rhadamus*,
Our accents, and the wonders of our Land,
That they might all admire and honour vs.
VVhereby

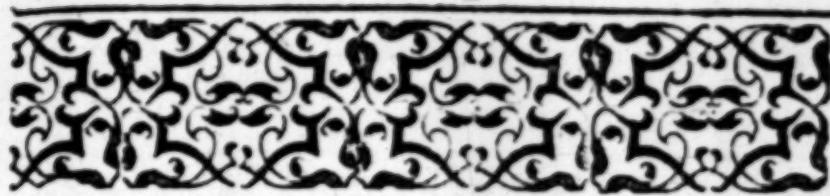
of Pembroke.

Wherby great SYDNEY & our SPENCER might,
VVith those Po-singers beeing equalled,
Enchaunt the world with such a sweet delight,
That theyr eternall songs (for euer read,)
May shew what great ELIZAS raigne hath bred.
VVhat musique in the kingdome of her peace,
Hath now beene made to her, and by her might,
VWhereby her glorious fame shall neufer cease.

But if that Fortune doth deny vs this,
Then Neptune, lock vp with thy Ocean key,
This treasure to our selues, and let them muse
Of so sweet ritches : as vnworthy they
To taste the great delights that we inioy.
And let our harmony so pleasing growne,
Content our selues, whose errour euer is,
Strange notes to like, and disfesteeme our owne.

But, whither doe my vowes transport me now,
VVithout the compasse of my course inioynd ?
Alas, what honour can a voyce so low
As this of mine, expect heereby to find ?
But, (Madam,) this doth animate my mind,
That fauored by the Worthyes of our Land,
My lynes are lik'd ; the which may make me grow,
In time to take a greater taske in hand.





THE ARGUMENT.

(. . .)



After the death of Antonius, Cleopatra (living still in the Monument shee had caused to be built,) could not by any means be drawne forth, although Octavius Cæsar verie earnestly laboured it: & sent Proculeius to use all diligence to bring her unto him: For that bee though it woulde be a great ornament to his Tryumphes, to get her alue to Rome. But neuer woulde shee put herfelfe into the hands of Proculeius, although on a time he found the meanes, (by a window that was at the top of the Monument,) to come downe unto her: where bee perswaded her (all bee might) to yeeld

THE ARGUMENT.

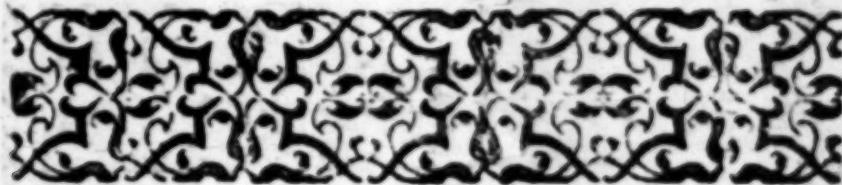
yeeld herselfe to Cæsars mercie. Which shee, (to be ridd of him,) cunningly seemed to grant unto. After that, Octavius in person went to visite her, to whom shee excus'd her offence, laying all the fault upon the greatnes, and feare shee had of Antonius, and withall seemed verie tractable, and willing to be disposed of by him.

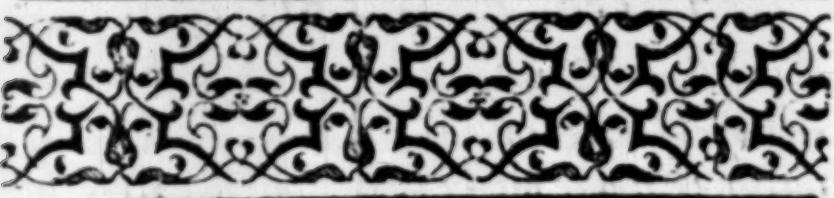
Where-upon, Octavius (thinking himselfe sure) resolu'd presently to send her away to Rome. Whereof, Dolabella a favorite of Cæsars, (and one that was grown into some good liking of her,) having certified her, shee makes her humble petition to Cæsar, that he would suffer her to sacrifice to the ghost of Antonius: which being granted her, shee was brought unto his Sepulcher, where after her rites performed, shee returned to the Monument, and there dined, with great magnificence. And in dinner time, came there one in the habite of a Countriman, with a basket of figgs into her, who (unsuspected) was suffered to carry them in. And in that basket (among the figges) were conuaid the Aspicks where-with shee did herselfe to death. Dinner beeing ended,

THE ARGUMENT.

ended, shee dispatched Letters to Cæsar, contayning great lamenations: With an earnest suppli-
cation, that shee might be entomb'd with Anto-
nius. Wherevpon, Cæsar knowing what shee in-
tended, sent presently with all speed, messengers to
haue preuented her death, which notwithstanding
dying, before they came was dispatched.

Cesario her sonne, which shee had by Iulius
Cæsar, (conuaied before vnto India, out of the
danger of the warrs,) was about the same time
of her death, murthered at Rhodes: trained
whether by the falsehood of his Tutor, corrupted by
Cæsar. And so heereby, came the race of the
Ptolomies to be wholly extincket, & the florishing
rich Kingdome of Egipt utterly ouer-thrownē
and subdued.





The Scæne supposed
Alexandria.

THE ACTORS.

CLEOPATRA. OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.

PROCVLEIUS. DOLABELLA.

TITIVS; Scruaunt to DOLABELLA.

ARIUS. ——————
PHILOSTRATVS. } two Philosophers.

SELEVCVS. Secretary to CLEOPATRA.

RODON. Tutor to CÆSARIO.

NVNTIUS.

The CHORVS. all Egyprians.

ACTVS.





ACTVS PRIMVS.

CLEOPATRA.

YET doe I liue, and yet doth breath possesse
This hatefull prison of a loathsome soule :
Can no calamitie, nor no dilitie
Breake hart and all, and end a life so foule ?
Can *Cleopatra* liue, and with these eyes
Behold the dearest of her life bereft her ?
Ah, can shée enterraine the least surmise
Of any hope, that hath but horror left her ?
Why should I linger longer grieves to try ?
These eyes that sawe what honor earth could giue mee,
Doe now behold the worst of misery :
The greatest wrack wherto Fortune could driue mee.
Hee on whose shoulders all my rest relyde,
On whom the burthen of my ambition lay :



THE TRAGEDY

The *Atlas* and the Champion of my pride,
That did the world of my whole fortune sway ;
Lyes faine, confounded, dead in shame and dolors,
Following th'vnlucky party of my loue.
Th' Ensigne of mine eyes, th'vnhappy collours,
That him to mischiefe, mee to ruine droue.
And now the modell made of misery,
Scorne to the world, borne but for Fortunes foile,
My lusts haue fram'd a Tombe for mee to lie,
Euen in the ashes of my Countries spoyle.
Ah, who would think that I were shee who late,
Clad with the glory of the worlds chiefe ritches,
Admir'd of all the earth, and wondred at,
Glittering in pompe that hart and eye bewitches :
Should thus distress'd, cast down from of that heighth
Leuell'd with low disgrac'd calamitie,
Under the waight of such affliction sigh,
Reduc'd vnto th'extreamest misery.
Am I the woman, whose inuentive pride,
(Adorn'd like *Isis*,) scornd mortalitie ?
Ist I that left my sence so without guide,
That flattery would not let him know twas I ?
Ah, now I see, they scarce tell truth, that praise vs, -
Crownes are beguild, prosperity betraies vs.

VVhat



OF CLEOPATRA.

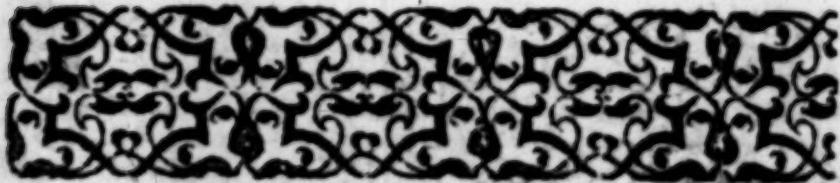
VVhat is become of all that stately traine,
Those troopes that wont attend prosperitie ?
See what is left, what number doth remaine,
A tombe, two maydes, and miserable I.
And I t'adorne their tryumphes, am reseru'd
A captiue kept to beautifie their spoyles :
VVhom *Casar* labours, so to haue preseru'd,
And seekes to entertaine my life with wiles.
No *Casar* no, it is not thou canst doe it.
Promise, flatter, threaten extreamitie,
Imply thy wits, and all thy force vnto it,
I haue both hands, and will, and I can die.
Though thou of Country, kingdom, & my Crowne,
Though thou of all my glory dost bereave me,
Though thou hast all my Egipt as thine owne,
Yet hast thou left me that which will deceiue thee.
That courage with my blood and birth innated,
Admir'd of all the earth, as thou art now :
Cannot by threatnes be vulgarly abated,
To be thy slau'e, that rul'd as good as thou.
Consider *Casar* that I am a Queene,
And scorne the basenes of a scruiile thought :
The world and thou, dost know what I haue beene,
And neuer thinke I can be so low brought,



THE TRAGEDIE

That Rome should see my scepter-bearing hands,
Behinde mee bounde, and glory in my teares.
That I should passe, whereas Octavia stands
To view my misery, that purchast hers.
No, I disdaine that head that wore a Crowne,
Should stoope to take vp that which others giue :
I must not be, vnlesse I be mine owne.
Tis sweet to die when we are forst to liue.
Nor had I troubled now the world thus long,
And beene indebted for this little breath,
But that I feare, Cesar would offer wrong
To my distressed seede after my death.
Tis that which dooth my dearest blood controule.
Tis that (alas) detaines mee from my Tombe,
Whilst Nature brings to contradict my soule,
The argument of mine vnhappy wombe.
O lucklesse issue of a wofull Mother,
Th' vngodly pledges of a wanton bed ;
You Kings design'd, must now be slaves to other,
Or els not bee (I feare) when I am dead.
It is for you I temporise with Cesar,
And liue this while for to procure your safetie.
For you I fayne content, and soothe his pleasure,
Calamitic heerein hath made me crasty.

But



OF CLEOPATRA.

But tis not long, Ile see what may be done,
And come what will, this stands, I must die free.
Ile be my selfe, my thoughts doe rest thereon,
Blood, chyldren, nature, all must pardon mee.
My soule yeelds honour vp the victory,
And I must bee a Queene, forget a mother :
Yet mother would I be, were I not I ;
And Queene would I not now be, were I other.

But what know I, if th'beauens haue decreed,
And that the sinnes of Egyp haue deseru'd,
The *Prolemeyes* should faile, and none succeed,
And that my weakenes was thereto reseru'd.
That I should bring confusion to my state,
And fill the measure of iniquitie :
Licentiousnes in mee should end her date,
Begunne in ill-dispensed libertie.
If so it be, and that my heedles waies,
Haue this so great a dissoluation rais'd,
Yet let a glorious end conclude my dayes,
Though life were bad, my death may yet be prais'd,
That I may write in letters of my blood,
A fit memoriall for the times to come :
To be example to such Princes good
. That please themselues, and care not what become.



THE TRAGEDIE

And *Anthony*, because the world doth know,
That my mis-fortune hath procured thine,
And my improvidence brought thee so low,
To lose thy glory, and to ruine mine :
By grappling in the Ocean of our pride,
To sink each others greatness both together,
Both equall shipwrack of our states t' abide,
And like destruction to procure to cyther :
If I should now (our common faulfe) suruiue,
Then all the world must hate mee if I doe it,
Sith both our errors did occasion giue,
And both our faults haue brought vs both vnto it.
I beeing first inamour'd with thy greatness,
Thou with my vanity bewitched wholly :
And both betrayd with th' outward pleasant sweetnes,
The one ambition spoyld, th'other folly.
For which, thou hast already duly paid,
The statute of thy errors dearest forfeit :
VWherby thy gotten credite was decayd,
Procur'd thee by thy wanton deadly surfeit.
And next is my turne, now to sacrifize
To Death, and thee, the life that doth reproue mee,
Our like distresse I feele doth sympathize,
And eu'en affliction makes me truly loue thee.

VWhic



OF CLEOPATRA.

VVhich *Anthony*, (I must confessie my fault,)
I never did sincerely vntill now ;
Now I protest I doe, now am I taught,
In death to loue, in life that knew not how.
For whilst my glory in that greatness stood,
And that I saw my state, and knew my beauty,
Saw how the world admir'd mee, how they woode,
I then thought all men, must loue me of dutie,
And I loue none : for my lasciuious Courte,
(Fertile in euer-fresh and new-choyce pleasure,) C
Affoarded me so bountiful disport,
That I to thinke on loue had never lcsure.

My vagabond desires no limits found,
For lust is endlesse, pleasure hath no bound.
Thou, comming from the strictnes of thy Citty,
The wanton pompe of Courtes yet neut leavacost :
Inur'd to warrs, in womans wiles vnwittie,
Whilst others fayn'd , thou fell'st to loue in earnest.

Not knowing women like them best that houer,
And make least reckning of a doting Louer.
And yet thou cam'st but in my beauties waine,
When new-appearing wrinkles of declining,
Wrought with the hand of yeeres, seem'd to detaine
My graces light, as now but dimly shining.

Euen



THE TRAGEDIE

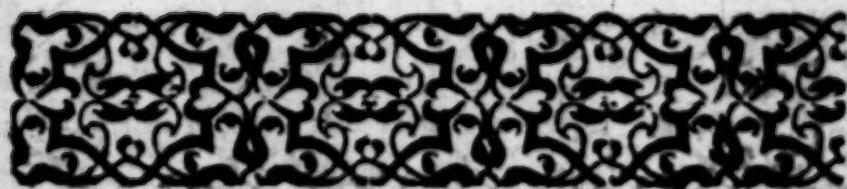
Euen in the confines of mine age, when I
Fayling of what I was, and was but thus :
VVhen such as wee, doe deeme in iealousie
That men loue for them-selves, and not for vs.
Then, and but thus, thou didst loue most sincerely,
(O *Anthony*,) that best deseru'dst it better.
Thys Autumne of my beauty bought so deereley,
For which (in more then death) I stand thy debtor.
VWhich I will pay thee with most faithfull zeale,
And that ere long, no *Cesar* shall detaine me ;
My death, my loue and courage shall reveale,
The which is all the world hath left r'vnstaine me.

And to the end I may deceiue best, *Cesar*,
Who dooth so eagerly my life importune,
I must preuaile mee of this little leisure,
Seeming to sute my minde vnto my fortune.
Whereby I may the better mee prouide,
Of what my death and honor best shall fit :
A seeming base content, must warie hide
My last disigne, till I accomplish it.

That heereby yet the world shall see that I,
Although vnwise to liue, had wit to die.

Exit.

CHO-



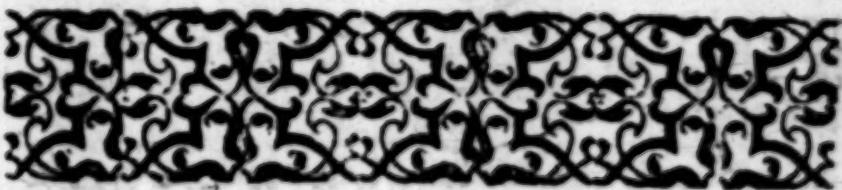
OF CLEOPATRA.

CHORVS.

B Ehold what Furies still
Torment their tortur'd breſt,
Who by their doing ill,
Haue wrought the worlds conreſt.
Whick when being moft diſtreſt,
Yet more to vexe their ſpirit,
The hidious face of ſinne,
(In formeſ they moft deteſt)
Standſ ever in their ſight.
Their Conſcience ſtill within,
The eternall Larum is,
That euer-barking dog that calls upon theyr miſe.

No meaneſ at all to hide
Man from himſelfe can finde :
No way to ſtarke aside
Out from the bell of mind.
But in himſelfe confin'd,
Hee ſtill ſees ſinne before :
And winged-footed paine,

That



THE TRAGEDIE

That swiftly comes behind,
The which is ever more,
The sure and certeine gaine
Impietie doth get,
And wanton loose respect, that dooth it selfe forget.

And CLEOPATRA now,
Well sees the dangerous way
Shee tooke, and car'd not how,
Which led her to decay.

And likewise makes vs pay
For her disordred lust,
Th' iust rest of our blood :
Or like a scrusle pray,
Under a band vniust,
As others shall thanke good.
This bath her riot wome,
And thus shee hath her state, her selfe and vs condamne.

Now every mouth can tell,
What close was muttered :
How that shee did not well,
To take the course shee did.
For now is nothng bid,

WIT

of



OF CLEOPATRA.

Of what feare did restraine.

No secrete closely done,

But now is vstered.

The text is made most plaine

That flattery glos'd vpon,

The bed of sinne reueal'd,

And all the luxurie that shame would haue conceald.

The scene is broken downe,

And all vnconuerted byes,

The purple Actors knowne

Scarce men, whom men despise.

The compleats of the wise,

Proue imperfactions smoake:

And all what wonder gane

To pleasure-gazing eyes,

Lyes scattered, dasht, all broke.

Thus much beguiled haue

Poore vnconsiderat wights,

These momentary pleasures, fugitive delights.

ACTVS



THE TRAGEDIE

ACTVS SECUNDVS.

CÆSAR. PROCVLEIVS.

Kingdoms I see we winne, we conquerre Climates,
Yet cannot vanquish harts, nor force obedience,
Affections kept in close-concealed limits,
Stand farre without the reach of sword or violence.
Who forc'd doe pay v- lucty, pay not loue :
Free is the hart, the temple of the minde,
The Sanctuarie sacred from aboue,
Where nature keepes the keyes that loose and bind.
No mortall hand force open can that doore,
So close shut vp, and lockt to all mankind :
I see mens bodies onely ours, no more,
The rest, anothers right, that rules the minde.

Behold, my forces vanquisht haue this Land,
Subdu'de that strong Competitor of mine ;
All Egipt yeelds to my all-conquering hand,
And all theyr treasure and themselues resigne.
Onely this Queene, that hath lost all this all,
To whom is nothing left except a minde :
Cannot into a thought of yeelding fall,

To



OF CLEOPATRA.

To be dispos'd as chaunce hath her assign'd.

But *Procules*, what hope doth shee now giue,

Will shee be brought to condiscend to hue?

Proc. My Lord, what time being sent from you to try,

To win her sooth alive, (if that I might)

From out the Monument, where wofully

Shee liues indos'd in most afflicted plight;

No way I found, no meanes how to surprize her,

But through a Grate at th'entry of the place,

Standing to treate, I labour'd to aduise her,

To come to *Cesar*, and to sue for grace.

Shee saide, shee craud not life, but leau'e to die,

Yet for her children, prayd they might inherite,

That *Cesar* would vouchsafe (in clemency,)

To pitty them, though shee deseru'd no merite,

So leauing her for then ; and since of late,

With *Gallus* sent to try another time,

The whilst hee entertaines her at the grate,

I found the meanes vp to the Tombe to climbe.

Where in discending in the closest wise,

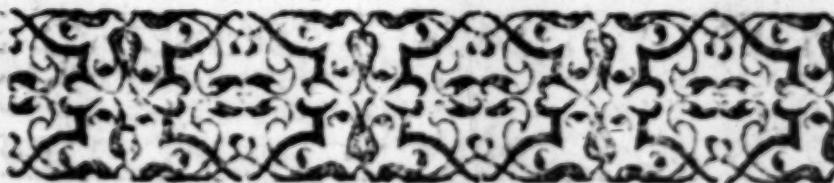
And silent manner as I could continue :

Her woman mee descri'd, and out shee cryes,

Poore *Cleopatra*, thou art tane alive.

With that the Queene caught frō her side her kniſt,

And



THE TRAGEDIE

And even in acte to stab her marred brest,
I stepe with speed, and held, and sau'd her life,
And sooth her trembling hand the blade did west.
Ah Cleopatra, why shold' st thou (saide,) (M. 1. 1. 1. 1.)
Both iniurie thy selfe and **Cesare** son? (M. 1. 1. 1. 1.)
Barre him the honour of his victory, (M. 1. 1. 1. 1.)
VVho euer deales most mildly with his foe?
Lieue and relye on him, whose mercy will
To thy submission alwaies ready be.

With that (as all amaz'd) shee held her still,
Twixt maiestic confus'd and miserie,
Her bound grieu'd eyes, held sorrow and disdaine,
State and distresse warring within her soule:
Dying ambition dispossess her raigne,
So base affliction seemed to contoure.
Like as a burning Lampe, whose liquor spent
With intermitted flames, when dead you deeme it,
Sendes soorth a dying flash, as discontent,
That so the matter failes that shoulde redeeme it.
So shee (in spight) to see her low-brought state,
(When all her hopes were now consum'd to nought,) (M. 1. 1. 1. 1.)
Scornes yet to make an abiect league with Fate,
Or once descend into a seruile thought.
Th' imperious tongue vnused to beseech,

Authoritie



OF CLEOPATRA.

Authority confounds with prayers, so
Words of commaund conioyn'd with humble speech,
Shew'd shee would liue, yet scorn'd to pray her foe.

Ab, what hath *Cesar* heere to doe, said shee,
In confines of the dead in darknes liuing ?
Will hee not graunt our Sepulchers be free,
But violate the priuiledge of dying ?
What, must hee stretch forth his ambit'ous hand
Into the right of Death, and force vs heere ?
Hath misery no couert where to stand
Free from the storme of pryde, ist safe no where ?
Cannot my land, my gold, my Crowne suffise,
And all what I held deere, to him made common,
But that he must in this sort tirannize,
Th'afflicted body of an wofull woman ?
Tell him, my frailty, and the Gods haue giuen,
Sufficient glory, if hee could content him :
And let him now with his desires make eu'en,
And leaue mee to this horror, to lamenting.
Now hee hath taken all away from mee,
What must hee take mee from my selfe by force ?
Ah, let him yet (in mercie) leaue mee free
The kingdom of this poore distressed corte.
No other crowne I seeke, no other good.

K 1

Yet



THE TRAGEDIE

Yet wish that *Casar* would vouchsafe this grace,
To fauour the poore of spring of my blood.
Confused issue, yet of Roman race.
If blood and name be linkes of loue in Princes,
Not spurres of hate ; my poore *Casar* may
Finde fauour notwithstanding mine offences,
And *Casars* blood, may *Casars* raging stay.
But if that with the torrent of my fall,
All must bee rapt with furious violence,
And no respect, nor no regard at all,
Can ought with nature or with blood dispence :
Then be it so, if needes it must be so.
There stayes and shrinkes in horror of her state.
VVhen I began to mitigate her woe,
And thy great mercies vnto her relate,
Wishing her not dispaire, but rather come
And sue for grace, and shake off all yaine feares :
No doubt shee should obtaine as gentle doome
As shee desir'd, both for herselue and hers.
And so with much a-doe, (well pacifide
Seeming to bee,) shee shew'd content to lyue,
Saying shee was resolu'd thy doome t'abide,
And to accept what fauour thou wouldest giue.
And heere-withall, craud also that shee might

Performe



OF CLEOPATRA.

Performe her last rites to her lost belou'd.

To sacrifice to him that wrought her pligt :

And that shee might not bee by force remou'd.

I graunting from thy part this her request,

Lest her for then, seeming in better rest.

Ces. But doost thou thinke she will remaine so still ?

Pro. I thinke, and doe assure my selfe shee will.

Ces. Ah, priuate men sound not the harts of Princes,

VVhose actions oft bear contrarie pretences.

Pro. Why, tis her safetie for to yeeld to thee.

Ces. But tis more honour for her to die free.

Pro. Shee may thereby procure her childrens good.

Ces. Princes respect theyr honour more then blood.

Pro. Can Princes powre dispence with nature than ?

Ces. To be a Prince, is more then be a man.

Pro. There's none but haue in time perswaded beene.

Ces. And so might shee too, were shee not a Queene.

Pro. Diuers respects will force her be reclam'd.

Ces. Princes (like Lyons) neuer will be tam'd.

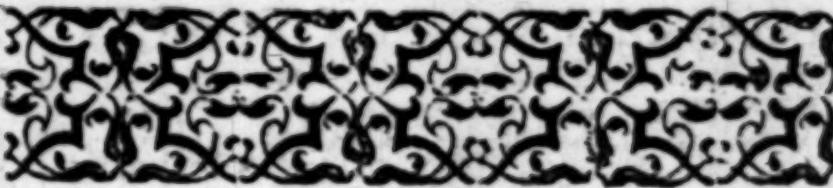
A priuate man may yeeld, and care not how,

But greater harts will breake before they bow.

And sure I thinke sh' will neuer condiscend,

To lyue to grace our spoyles with her disgrace :

But yet let still a warie watch attend,



THE TRAGEDIE

To guard her person, and to watch the place.
And looke that none with her come to confer :
Shortly my selfe will goe to visite her.

CHORVS.

O PINION, howe doost thou molest
Th' affected minde of restles man ?
Who following thee, never can,
Nor euer shall attaine to rest.
For getting what thou hast is best,
Iet loe, that best bee findes farre wide
Of what thou promisedst before :
For in the same bee lookt for more,
Which proves but small when once tis tried.
Then something els shou find it beside,
To draw him still from thoughts to thoughts :
When in the end all proves but wrought,
Farther from rest bee findes him than,
Then at the first when he began.

O malcontent seducing guest,
Contiuuer of our greatest woes :

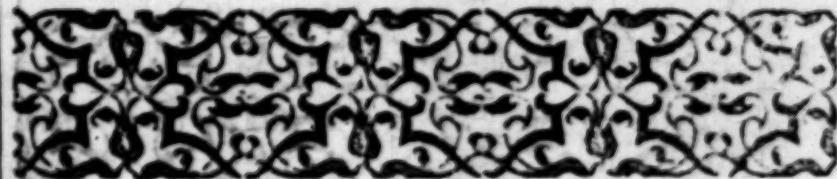
Whicb



OF CLEOPATRA.

Which borne of winde, and fed with shoues,
Doost nurse thy selfe in thine vngrest.
Judging vngotten things the best,
Or what thou in conceite desinest.
And all things in the world doost deeme,
Not as they are, but as they seeme:
Which shewes, their state shoue ill definest:
And luyest to come, in presens pinit.
For what shou hast, thou still doost lacke:
O mindel tormentor, bodies wracke,
Vaine promiser of that sweet rest,
Which never any yet possest.

If wee vnto ambition tende,
Then doost thou draw our weakenes on,
With vaine imagination
Of that which never hath an end.
Or if that lust we apprehend,
How darb that pleasant plague infest?
O what strange formes of luxurie,
Thou straignt doost cast vntice vs by?
And tellst vs that is ever best,
Which wee haue never yet possest.
And that more pleasure rests beside,



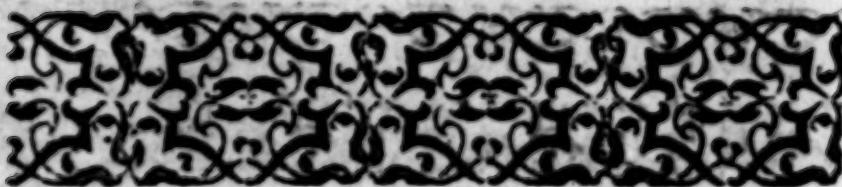
THE TRAGEDY

*In someting that we haue not pride.
And when the same likewise is had,
Then all is one, and all is bad.*

*This Anthony can say is true,
And Cleopatra knowes iis so,
By th'experience of their woe.
Shee can say, shee never knew
But that lust found pleasures new,
And was never satif-fide :
Hee can say by proofe of royle,
Ambition is a Vulture vile,
That feedes vpon the hart of pride :
And findes no rest when all is pride.
For worlds cannot confine the one,
Th'other, listes and bounds hath none,
And both subuert the minde, the stase,
Procure destruction, enuse, base.*

*And now when all this is proud'vaine,
Yet Opinion leaves not heire,
But sticks to Cleopatra neere.
Perswading now, how she shal gaine
Honour by deasb, and fame attaine.*

And



OF CLEOPATRA.

And what a shame it were to liue,
Her kingdome lost, her Louer dead :
And so with this perswasion led,
Dispayre doth such a courage giue,
That naughte els can her minde relieue.
Nor yet diuert her from thist thought :
To this conclusion all is brought.
This is that rest this vaine world lends,
To end in death that all thing ends.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

PHILOSTRATVS. ARIVS.

HOW deepeley Arius am I bounde to thee,
That sau'dst frō death this wretched life of mine :
Obtayning Cesars gentle grace for mee,
When I of all helps els dispayr'd but thine ?
Although I see in such a wofull state,
Life is not that which should be much desir'd :
Sith all our glories come to end theyr date,
Our Countries honour and our owne expir'd.
Now that the hand of wrath hath ouer-gone vs,
Liuing (as twere) in th'armes of our dead mother,

K 4

With



THE TRAGEDIE

With blood vnder our feete ruine vpon vs,
And in a Land most wretched of all other,
When yet we reckon life our dearest good.
And so we liue, we care not how we liue :
So deepe we feele impressed in our blood,
That touch which nature with our breath did giue.
And yet what blasts of words hath learning found,
To blow against the feare of death and dying ?
What comforts unsicke Eloquence can sound,
And yet all fayles vs in the poynt of trying.
For whilst we reason with the breath of safety,
VVithout the compasie of destruction liuing :
VVhat precepts shew wee then, what courage losy
In taxing others feares in counsell giuing ?
VVhen all thys ayre of sweet-contrived words,
Prooues but weake armour to defend the hart.
For when this lyfe, pale feare and terror boords,
Where are our precepts then, where is our arte ?
O who is he that from himselfe can turne,
That beares about the body of a man ?
Who doth not toyle and labour to adorne
The day of death, by any meanes he can ?
All this I speake to th'end my selfe t'excuse,
For my base begging of a seruile breath,

VVherin



OF CLEOPATRA.

Wherein I graunt my selfe much t'abuse,
So shamefully to seeke t'auoyd my death.

Arius. Pbilofratne, that selfe same care to liue,
Possessteth all alike, and grieue not then
Nature dooth vs no more then others giue :
Though we speak more then men, we are but men.
And yet (in truth) these miseries to see,
VVherein we stand in most extreame distresse :
Might to our selues sufficient motiues be
To loathe this life, and weigh our death the lesse.
For never any age hath better taught,
VVhat feeble footing pride and greatnes hath.
How 'improuident prosperity is caught,
And cleane confounded in the day of wrath.
See how dismaid Confusion keepes those streites,
That nought but mirth & Musique late resounded,
How nothing with our eye but horror meetes,
Our state, our wealth, our pride & all confounded.
Yet what weake sight did not discerne from far
This black-arysing tempest, all confounding ?
Who did not see we shold be what we are,
When pride and ryot grew to such abounding.
When dissolute impiety possest,
Th'vnrespectiuue mindes of such a people :

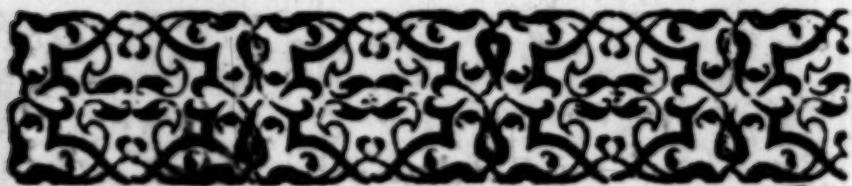
VVhen



THE TRAGEDIE

VVhen insolent Security found rest
In wanton thoughts, with lust and ease made seeble.
Then when vnwary peace with sat-fed pleasure,
New-fresh iuuented ryors still detected,
Purchac'd with all the *Proloymes* ritch treasure,
Our lawes, our Gods, our misteries neglected.
Who saw not how this confluence of vice,
This innondation of disorders, must
At length of force pay back the bloody price
Of sad destruction, (a reward for lust.)
O thou and I haue heard, and read, and knowne
Of lyke proude states, as wofully incombred,
And fram'd by them, examples for our owne :
Which now among examples must be numbred.
For this decree a law from high is giuen,
An auncient Canon, of eternall date,
In Consistorie of the staires of heaven,
Editted the booke of vnauyded Fate ;
That no state can in heighth of happines,
In th'exaltation of theyr glory stand :
But thither once ariu'd, declyning lesse,
Ruine themselves, or fall by others hand.
Thus doth the euer-changing course of things,
Runne a perpetuall circle, euer turning :

And



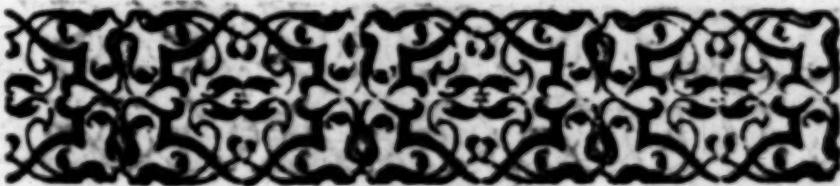
OF CLEOPATRA.

And that same day that highest glory brings,
Brings vs vnto the poynt of back-returning.
For senecles sensualitie, doth euer
Accompany felicity and greateenes.

A fatall witch, whose charmes do leauue vs neuer,
Till we leauue all in sorrow for our sweetnes ;
When yet our selues must be the cause we fall,
Although the same be first decreed on hie :
Our errors still must beare the blame of all,
This must it be, earth aske not heauen why.

Yet mighty men with wary iealous hand,
Strive to cut off all obstacles of feare :
All whatsoeuer seemes but to withstand
Theyr least concorde of quiet, held so deere ,
And so intrench themselues with blood, & crymes,
With all iniustice as theyr feares dispose :
Yet for all thys wee see, how oftentimes
The meanes they worke to keep, are means to lose.
And sure I cannot see, how this can stand
With great *Augustus* safety and his honor,
To cut off all succession from our land,
For her offence that puld the warrs vpon her.
Phi. Why must her issue pay the price of that ?
ari. The price is life that they are rated at.

Philo.



THE TRAGEDIE

Phi. Casario to, issued of Caſars blood?

Ari. Pluralitie of Caſars are not good.

Phi. Alas what hurt procures his feeble arme?

Ari. Not for it dooth, but that it may doe harme.

Phi. Then when it offers hurt, repreſe the ſame,

Ari. Tis best to quench a ſparke before it flame.

Phi. Tis inhumane, an innocent to kill.

Ari. Such innocents, ſildome remaine ſo ſtill.

And ſure his death may best procure our peace,

Competitors the ſubiect deereley buies :

And ſo that our affliction may ſurceafe,

Let geat men be the peoples ſacrifice.

But ſee where Caſar comes himſelfe, to try

And worke the mind of our diſtrefled Qucene,

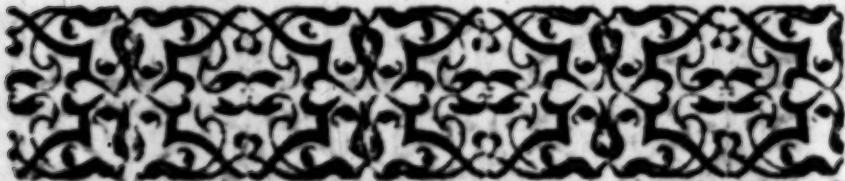
To apprehend ſome falſed hope : whereby

Shee might be drawne to haue her fortune ſcene.

But yet I thinke, Rome will not ſee that face

(That quel her chāpions,) bluſh in baſe diſgrace.

Scena



OF CLEOPATRA.

SCENA. SECUNDA.

CÆSAR, CLEOPATRA, SELEVCVS,
DOLABELLA.

Cæs. W^Hat Cleopatra, doost thou doubt so much
Of Cæsars mercy, that thou hid'st thy face?
Or doost thou think, thy' offences can be such,
That they surmount the measure of our grace?

Cleo. O Cæsar, not for that I flye thy sight
My soule this sad retyre of sorrow chose :
But that my' oppressed thoughts abhorring light,
Like best in darknes, my disgrace t' inclose.
And heere to these close limmirs of dispaire,
This solitary horror where I bide :
Cæsar, I thought no Roman should repaire,
More after him, who beere oppressed dyde.
Yet now, heere at thy conquering fete I lye,
Poore captiue soule, that never thought to bow :
VVhose happy foote of rule and maiestie,
Stoode late on y same ground thou standest now.

Cæsar,



THE TRAGEDIE

Ces. Rise Queene, none but thy selfe is cause of all.
And yet, would all were but thynce owne alone :
That others ruine had not with thy fall
Brought Rome her sorowes, to my tryumphs mone.
For breaking off the league of loue and blood,
Thou mak'st my winning ioy a gaine vnplesing :
Sith th'eye of griefe must looke into our good,
Thorow the horror of our owne blood-shedding.
And all, we must attribute vnto thee.

Cle. To mee ? *Cesar* what should a woman doe
Opprest with greatnes ? What was it for mee
To contradict my Lord, beeing bent thereto ?
I was by loue, by feare, by weakenes, made
An instrument so such disaignes as these.
For when the Lord of all the Orient bade,
Who but obeyd ? who was not glad to please ?
And how could I withdraw my succouring hand,
From him that had my hart, or what was mine ?
Th'inrest of my faith in straightest band,
My loue to his most firmly did combine.
Ces. Loue ? alas no , it was th'innated hater
: That thou and thine hast ever borne our people :
That mad'st hee seeke al meanes to haue vs scaured,
To disvite our strength, and makers feeble.

And



OF CLEOPATRA.

And therefore did that brest nurse our dissention,
VVith hope t'exalt thy selfe, t'augment thy state :
To pray vpon the wrack of our contention,
And (with the rest our foes,) to ioy thereat.

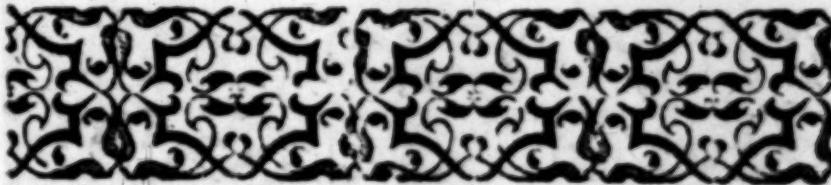
Cleo. O Cesar, see how easie tis t'accuse

Whom fortune hath made faultie by their fall,
The wretched conquered may not refuse
The titles of reproch he's charg'd withall.

The conquering cause hath right, wherein y art,
The vanquisht, still is iudg'd the worser part.
Which part is mine, because I lost my part.
No lesser then the portion of a Crowne.
Enough for mee, alas what needed arte
To gaine by others, but to keepe mine owne?
But heere let weaker powers note what it is,
To neighbour great Competitors too neare,
If we take part, we oft doe perrih thus,
If neutrall bide, both parties we must feare.

Alas, what shall the forst partakers doe,
When following none, yet must they perrih to?
But Cæsar, sith thy right and cause is such,
Bee not a heauie weight vpon calamitie :
Depresse not the afflicted ouer-much,
The chiefeſt glory is the Victors lenitie.

Th'inhe-



THE TRAGEDIE

Th'inheritaunce of mercy from him take,
Of whom thou hast thy fortune and thy name :
Great *Cesar* mee a Queene at first did make,
And let not *Cesar* now confound the same.
Reade heere these lines which still I keep with me,
The witnes of his loue and fauours euer :
And God forbid this shoulde be said of thee,
That *Cesar* wrong'd the fauoured of *Cesar*.
For looke what I haue beeene to *Anthony*,
Thinke thou the same I might haue been to thee.
And heere I doe present thee with the note,
Of all the treasure, all the Jewels rare
That Egyp特 hath in many ages got ;
And looke what *Cleopatra* hath, is there.

Selen. Nay there's not all set down within that roule,
I know some things shee bath reseru'd a part.

Cle. What vile vngrateful wretch, dar'st thou controule
Thy Queene & soueraine ? caitiue as thou art.

Ces. Hold, holde, a poore reuenge can worke so feeble

Cle. Ah *Cesar*, what a great indignitie (hands.)
Is this, that heere my vassale subiect stands,

T' accuse mee to my Lord of treachery ?

If I reseru'd some certaine womens toyes,

Alas it was not for my selfe (God knowes,)

Poore

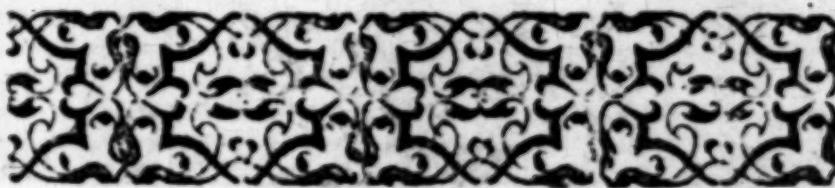


OF CLEOPATRA.

Poore miserable soule, that little ioyes
In trifling ornaments, in outward shewes.
But what I kept, I kept to make my way
Vnto thy *Louis*, and *Ottavias* grace.
That thereby in compassion mooued, they
Might mediat thy fauour in my case.

Ces. Well *Cleopatra*, feare not, thou shalt finde
What fauour thou desir'st, or canst expect :
For *Cesar* never yet was found but kinde
To such as yeeld, and can themselues subiect.
And therefore give thou comfort to thy minde ;
Relieue thy soule thus ouer-charg'd with care,
How well I will intreat thee thou shalt find,
So soone as some affayres dispatched are.
Til whē farewell. *Cl.* Thanks thrise-renowned *Cesar*,
Poore *Cleopatra* rests thine owne for euer.

Dol. No meruaile *Cesar* though our greatest sp'rits,
Haue to the powre of such a charming beautie,
Beene brought to yeeld the honour of their merits :
Forgetting all respect of other dutie.
Then whilst the glory of her youth remain'd
The wondring obiect to each wanton eye :
Before her full of sweet (with sorrow wain'd,)
Came to the period of this misery.



THE TRAGEDIE

If still, euen in the midſt of death and horror,
Such beauty ſhines, thorow clowds of age & ſorow,
If euen thofe ſweet decayes ſeeme to plead for her,
Which from affliction, mouing graces borrow;

If in calamity ſhee could thus moue,

What could ſhe do adorn'd with youth & loue?
VVhat could ſhe do then, when as spreading wide
The pompe of beauty, in her glory dight?

When arm'd with wonder, ſhee could vſe beside,
Th' engines of her loue, Hope and Delight?

Beauty daughter of Meruaile, ô ſee how
Thou canſt diſgracing ſorrowes ſweetly grace?
VVhat power thou ſhew'ſt in a diſtrefſed brow,
That mak'ſt affliction faire, giu'ſt teares their grace.
VVhat can vntrefled locks, can torne rent haire,
A weeping eye, a wailing face be faire?
I ſee then, artleſſe feature can content,
And that true beauty needes no ornament.

: Cef. What in a paſſion Dolibells? what? take heede:
Let others fresh examples be thy warning;
What miſchieves theſe, ſo idle humors breed,
VVhilſt error keepes vs from a true diſcerning.
Indeed, I ſaw ſhee labour'd to impart
Her ſweetest graces in her ſaddeſt cheere:

Presu-



OF CLEOPATRA.

Presuming on the face that knew the arte
To moue with what aspect so eu'r it were.
But all in vaine, shee takes her ayme amisse,
The ground and marke, her leuel much deceiuers;
Time now hath altered all, for neither is
Shee as shee was, nor wee as shee conceiuers.
And therefore now, twere best shee left such badnes,
Folly in youth is sinne, in age, tis madnes.

And for my part, I seeke but t'entertaine
In her some feeding hope to draw her forth;
The greatest Tropheyn that my trauailes gaine,
Is to bring home a prizall of such worth.
And now, sith that shee seemes so well content
To be dispos'd by vs, without more stay
Shee with her chyldren shall to Rome be sent,
Whilst I by Syria thither take my way.

CHORVS.

O Fearefull frowning NEMESIS,
Daughter of IUSTICE, most severe,
That art the worlds great Arbitresse,
And Queene of causes raigning heere.

L 2

Whuse



THE TRAGEDIE

Whose swift-sure hand is ever neere
Eternall iustice, righting wrong :
Who never yet deferrest long
The proudes decay, the weakes redresse.
But through thy powre every where,
Dooft raze the great, and raise the leffe.
The leffe made great, dooft ruine so,
To shew the earth what beauen can doe.

Thou from dark clos'd eternitie,
From thy black clowdy hidden seate,
The worlds disorders dooft discry :
Whiche when they swell so proudly great,
Reuersing th' order nature set,
Thou giest thy all-confounding doome,
Whiche none can know before it come.
- Th' ineuitable destinie,
Whiche neyther wit nor strength can let,
Fast chaynd vnto necesstie,
In mortall things doth order so,
Th' alternate course of weale or wo.

O how the powres of heaven do play
With transtled mortalitie :

And



OF CLEOPATRA.

And doth their weakeenes still betray,
In theyr best prosperitie.
When beeing lifted vp so hie,
They looke beyond themselues so farre,
That to themselues they take no care :
Whilst swift confusio[n] downe doth lay,
Theyr late proude mountaine vanitie :
Bringing theyr glory to decay.
And with the ruine of theyr fall,
Extinguish people, state and all.

But is it iustice that all wee
Thi innocent poore multitude,
For great mens faultes should punishment be,
And to destruction thus pursude.
O why shouldesth' heauens vs include,
Within the compasse of theyr fall,
Who of themselues procured all ?
Or doe the Gods (in close) decree,
Occasion take how to extrude
Man from the earth with crueltie ?
Ah no, the Gods are euer iust,
Our faultes excuse theyr rigor must.



THE TRAGEDIE

This is the period Fate set downe
To Egypcs fat prosperity:
Which now unto her greatest growne,
Must perrish thus, by course must die.
And some must be the causers why
This resolution must be wrought:
As borne to bring theyr state to rought.
To change the people and the crowne,
And purge the worlds iniquitie:
Which vice so farre hath ouer-growne.
As wee, so they that treat vs thus,
Must one day perrish like to vs.

ACTVS QVARTVS.

SELEVCS. RODON.

Sel. **N**euer friend Rodon in a better howre,
Could I haue met thee then eu'en now I do
Hauing affliction in the greatest powre
Upon my soule, and none to tell it to.
For tis somē ease our sorrowes to reveale,
If they to whom wee shall impart our woes

Sceme



OF CLEOPATRA.

Seeme but to feele a part of what wee feele,
And meeke vs with a sigh but at a cloze.

Rod. And never (friend *Selousus*) found'st thou one,
That better could beare such a part with thee :
Who by his owne, knowes others cares to mone,
And can in like accord of griefe agree.
And therefore tell th' oppression of thy hart,
Tell to an eare prepar'd and tun'd to care :
And I will likewise vnto thee impart
As sad a tale as what thou shalt declare.

So shal we both our mournful plaints combine,
Ile waile thy state, and thou shalt pitty mine.

Sel. Well then, thou know'st how I haue liu'd in grace
With *Cleopatra*, and esteem'd in Court
As one of Counsell, and of chieffest place,
And euer held my credite in that sort.
Tyll now in this confusion of our state,
When thinking to haue vs'd a meane to climbe,
And fled the wretched, flowne vnto the great,
(Follow'ing the fortune of the present time,)
Am come to be cast downe and ruin'd cleene.
And in the course of mine owne plot vndonne.
For hauing all the secretes of the Queene
Reveal'd to *Cesar*, to haue fauour wonne :



THE TRAGEDY

My treachery is quited with disgrace,
My falsehood loath'd, and not without great reason.
Though good for him, yet Princes in this case
Doe hate y^e Traytor, though they loue the treason.
For how could hee imagine I would be
Faithfull to him, being false vnto mine owne?
And false to such a bountious Queene as shee,
That had me rais'd, and made mine honor known.
Hee saw twas not for zeale to him I bare,
But for base feare, or mine owne state to settle.
Weakenes is false, and faith in Cowards rare,
Feare findes out shyfts, timiditie is subtle.
And therefore scornd of him, scornd of mine own.
Hatefull to all that looke into my state:
Despis'd *Selucus* now is onely growne
The marke of infamy, that's pointed at.

-*Rod.* Tis much thou saist, and ô too much to seele,
And I doe grieue and doe lament thy fall:
But yet all this which thou doost heere reveale,
Cōpar'd with mine, wil make thine seem but smal.
Although my fault be in the selfe-same kind,
Yet in degree far greater, far more hatefull;
Mine sprong of myschiefe, thine from feeble mind,
I stand with blood, thou onely but yngratefull.

For



OF CLEOPATRA.

For vnto mee did *Cleopatra* gyue
The best and dearest treasure of her blood.
Louely *Casario*, whom shee would shoulde liue
Free from the dangers wherein Egipt stood.
And vnto mee with him this charge she gaue,
Heere *Rodow*, take, conuay from out thys Coast,
This precious Gem, the chieffest that I haue,
The iewell of my soule I value most.
Guide hym to *INDIA*, leade hym farre from hence,
Safeguard hym where secure he may remaine,
Till better fortune call hym back from thence,
And Egipts peace be reconcil'd againe.
For this is hee that may our hopes bring back,
(The rysing Sunne of our declyning State :)
These be the hands that may restore our wrack,
And rayse the brokēn ruines made of late.
Hēe may gyue limmits to the boundles prydē
Of fierce *Ottanimo*, and abate his might :
Great Julius of spring, hee may come to guide
The Empire of the world, as his by right.
O how hee seemes the modell of his Syre ?
O how I gaze my *Casar* in his face ?
Such was his gatē, so dyd his lockes aspyre ;
Such was his threatening brow, such was his grace.

High



THE TRAGEDIE

High sholdred, and his forehead even as hie.
And ô, (if hee had not beeene borne so late,) He might haue rul'd the worlds great Monarchy,
And nowe haue beeene the Champion of our state.

Then vnto him, ô my deere Sonne, (she sayes,) Sonne of my youth, flye hence, ô flye, be gone : Reserue thy selfe, ordain'd for better dayes, For much thou hast to ground thy hopes vpon. Leau me (thy wofull Mother) to endure, The fury of thys tempest heere alone : Who cares not for her selfe, so thou be sure, Thou mayst reuenge, when others can but mone. *Rodon* will see thee safe, *Rodon* will guide Thee and thy waies, thou shalt not need to feare. *Rodon* (my faithfull seruaunt) will prouide What shall be best for thee, take thou no care. And ô good *Rodon*, looke well to his youth, The wayes are long, and daungers eu'ry where. I vrge it not that I doe doubt thy truth, Mothers will cast the worst, and alwaies feare.

The absent daunger greater still appears, Less feares he, who is neere the thing he feares. And ô, I know not what presaging thought My sp'rit suggestis of luckles bad euent :

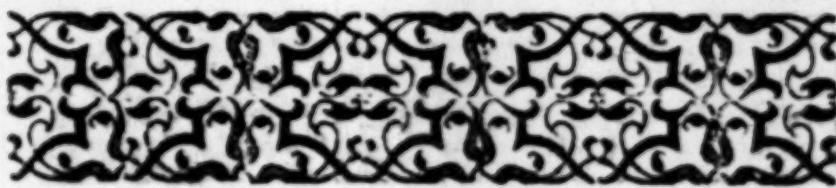
But



OF CLEOPATRA.

But yet it may be tis but loue doth dote,
Or idle shadowes which my feares present.
But yet the memory of myne owne fate,
Makes mee feare his. And yet why should I feare ?
His fortune may recouer better state,
And hee may come in pompe to gouerne heere.
But yet I doubt the *Genius* of our Race
By some malignant spirit comes ouer-thrown :
Our blood must be extinct, in my disgrace,
Egypt must haue no more Kings of theyr owne.
Then let him stay, and let vs fall together,
Sith it is fore-decreed that we must fal.
Yet who knowes what may come ? let him go thither,
What Merchaunt in one Vessell venters all ?
Let vs deuide our starrs. Goe, goe my Sonne,
Let not the fate of Egypt find thee heere :
Try if so be thy destiny can shunne
The common wracke of vs, by beeing there.
But who is hee found euer yet defence
Against the heauens, or hyd him any where ?
Then what neede I to send thee so far hence
To seeke thy death that mayst as well die heere ?
And heere die with thy mother, die in rest,
Not trauayling to what will come to thee.

VVhy



THE TRAGEDIE

Why should wee leaue our blood vnto the East,
VVhen Egipt may a Tombe sufficient be ?

O my deuided soule, what shall I doe ?
VWheron shall now my resolution rest ?
What were I best resolute to yeeld vnto
When both are bad, how shall I know the best ?
Stay ; I may hap so worke with *Cesar* now,
That hee may yeeld him to restore thy right.
Goe ; *Cesar* neuer will consent that thou
So neare in blood, shal bee so great in might.
Then take him *Roden*, goe my sonne fare-well.
But stay ; ther's something els that I would-say :
Yet nothing now, but ô God speed thee well,
Least saying more, that more may make thee stay.
Yet let mee speake : It may be tis the last
That euer I shall speake to thee my Sonne.
Doe Mothers vse to parte in such post-haste ?
VVhat, must I ende when I haue scarce begun ?
Ah no (deere hart,) tis no such slender twine
VVhere-with the knot is tyde twixt thee and mee.
That blood within thy vaines came out of mine,
Parting from thee, I part from part of mee :
And therefore I must speake. Yet what ? O sonne.
Here more she wold, whē more she could not say.

Sorrow



OF CLEOPATRA.

Sorrow rebounding backe whence it begun,
Fild vp the passage, and quite stopt the way :
VVhen sweet *Casario* with a princely sp'rite,
(Though comfortlesse himselfe) did comfort giue ;
VVith mildest words, perswading her to beare it.
And as for him, shhee should not neede to grieue.
And I (with protestations of my part,)
Swore by that faith, (which sworne I did deceave)
That I would vse all care, all wit and arte
To see hym safe ; And so we tooke our leaue.
Scarce had wee traueil'd to our iourneys end,
VVhen *Casir* hauing knowledge of our way,
His Agents after vs with speed doth send
To labour mee, *Casario* to betray.

VVho with rewards, and promises so large,
Assaid mee then, that I grew soone content ;
And backe to *Rhodes* dyd reconuay my charge,
Pretending that *Octavius* for him sent,
To make hym King of Egipt presently.

And thither come, seeing himselfe betrayd,
And in the hands of death through trecherie,
VVayling his state, thus to himselfe he sayd.

Loe heere brought back by subtile traine to death,
Betrayde by Tutors fayth, or Traytors rather :

My



THE TRAGEDIE

My faulfe my blood, and mine offence my birth,
Fot beeing sonne of such a mightie Father.

From I N D I A, (whither sent by Mothers care,
To be reschu'd from Egypts common wracke,)
To Rhodes, (so long the armes of Tyrants are,)
I am by c a s a r s subtile reach brought back.
Heere to be made th' oblation for his feares, (him :
Who doubts the poore reuenge these handes may doe
Respecting neyther blood, nor youth, nor yeeres,
Or how small safety can my death be to him.

And is this all the good of beeing borne great ?
Then wretched greatnes, proud ritch misery,
Pompous distresse, glittering calamity.
Is it for this th' ambitious Fathers sweat,
To purchase blood and death for them and theirs ?
Is this the issue that theyr glories get,
To leaue a sure destruction to theyr heyres ?
O how farre better had it beene for mee,
From low discent,deriu'd of humble birth,
To haue eate the sweet-sowre bread of pouerty,
And drunke of *Nilus* stremme in *Nilus* earth :
Vnder the cou'ring of some quiet Cottage,
Free from the wrath of heauen, secure in minde,
Vntoucht when sad euents of Princes dotage,

Con-



OF CLEOPATRA.

Confounds what euer mighty it dooth find.
And not th'ue stoode in theyr way, whose condition,
Is to haue all made cleere, and all thing plaine,
Betweene them and the marke of theyr ambition,
That nothing let the full sight of theyr raigne.
Where nothing stands, that stands not in submission ;
Wherre greatness must all in it selfe containe.
Kings will be alone, Competitors must downe,
Neere death he stands, that stands too neare a Crowne.

Such is my case, for cesar will haue all :
My blood must seale th'assurance of his state :
Yet ah weake state that blood assure him shall,
Whose wrongfull shedding, Gods and men do hate.
Iniustice never scapes vnpunisht still,
Though men reuenge not, yet the heauens will.

And thou *Augustus* that with bloody hand,
Cutt'st off succession from anothers race,
Maist find the heauens thy vowes so to withstand,
That others may depriue thine in like case.
When thou maist see thy proude contentious bed
Yeelding thee none of thine that may inherite :
Subuert thy blood, place others in theyr sted,
To pay this thy iniustice her due merite.

If it be true, (as who can that deny

Which



THE TRAGEDIE

VVhich sacred Priests of *Memphis* doe fore-say,)
Some of the of-spring yet of *Anthony*,
Shall all the rule of this whole Empire sway.
And then *Augustus*, what is it thou gainest
By poore *Antilles* blood, or this of mine ?
Nothing but thys thy victory thou stainest,
And pull st the wrath of heauen on thee and thine.
In vaine doth man contendre against the starrs,
For what hee seekes to make, his wisdom marrs.

Yet in the mean-time we whom Fates reserue,
The bloody sacrifices of ambition,
VVe feele the smart what euer they deserue,
And wee indure the present times condition.
The iustice of the heauens reuenging thus,
Doth onely sacrifice it selfe, not vs.

Yet tis a pleasing comfort that dooth ease
Affliction in so great extreamitie,
To thinke theyr like destruction shall appease
Our ghostes, who did procure our misery.
But dead we are, vncertaine what shall bee,
And lyuing, wee are sure to feele the wrong :
Our certaine ruine wee our selues doe see.
They ioy the while, and wee know not how long.
But yet *Cesario*, thou must die content,

For



OF CLEOPATRA.

For men will monc, & God reuenge th'innocent.

Thus he cōplain'd, & thus thou hear'st my shame.

Sel. But how hath *Cesār* now rewarded thee?

Rod. As hee hath thee. And I expect the same

As fell to *T'heodor*, to fall to mee :

For he (one of my coate) hauing betrayd

The young *An̄tillus*, sonne of *Anthony*,

And at his death from of his necke conuayd

A iewell : which be'ing askt, he did deny :

Cesār occasion tooke to hang him straight.

Such instruments with Princes liue not long.

Although they neede vs, (actors of deceit,)

Yet still our sight seemes to vpbrayd their wrong ;

And therefore we must needes this danger runne,

And in the net of our owne guile be caught :

Wee must not liue to bray what we haue done,

For what is done, must not appeare theyr fault.

But heere comes *Cleopatra*, wofull Queene,

And our shame will not that we should be seene.

Exeunt.

M I

Cleo-



THE TRAGEDIE

CLEOPATRA.

W Hat, hath my face yet powre to win a Louer ?

Can this torne remnant serue to grace me so,

That it can *Cesars* secrete plots discouer

What he intends with mee and mine to do ?

VVhy then poore Beautie thou hast doone thy last,

And best good seruice thou could'st doe vnto mee.

For now the time of death reueal'd thou hast,

Which in my life didst serue but to vndoe mee.

Heere *Dolabella* far forsooth in loue,

Writes, how that *Cesar* meanes forthwith, to send

Both mee and mine, th' ayre of Rome to proue :

There his Tryumphant Chariot to attend.

I thanke the man, both for his loue and letter ;

Th'done comes fit to warne mee thus before,

But for th'other, I must die his debter,

For *Cleopatra* now can loue no more.

But having leaue, I must goe take my leaue

And last farewell of my dead *Anthony* :

Whose dearely honour'd Tombe must heere receave

This sacrifice, the last before I dye.



OP CLEOPATRA.

O sacred euer-memorable Stone,
That hast without my teares, within my flame,
Receive th' oblation of the wofull'st mone
That euer yet from sad affliction came.
And you deere reliques of my Lord and Loue,
(The sweetest parcells of the faithfull'st liuer,)
O let no impious hand dare to remoue
You out from hence, but rest you heere for euer.
Let Egypt now giue peace vnto you dead,
That lyuing, gaue you trouble and turmoyle :
Sleepe quiet in this euer-lasting bed,
In forraine land preferr'd before your soyle.
And ô, if that the sp'rits of men remaine
After their bodies, and doe neuer die,
Then heare thy Ghost thy captiue Spouse complaine,
And be attentiuе to her misery.
But if that laborsome mortalitie,
Found this sweet error, onely to confine
The curious search of idle vanity,
That would the deapth of darknes vndermine :
Or rather, to giue rest vnto the thought
Of wretched man, with th'after-comming ioy
Of those conceiuēd fieldes whereon we dote,
To pacifie the present worlds annoy.



THE TRAGEDIE

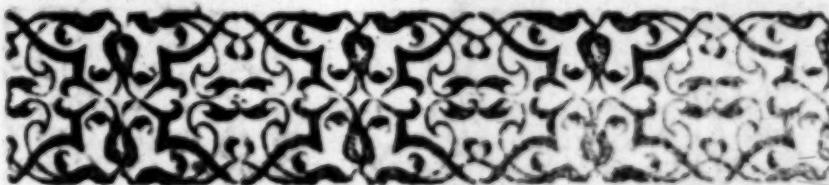
If it be so, why speake I then to th'ayre ?
But tis not so, my *Anthony* doth heare :
His euer-liuing ghost attends my prayer,
And I doe know his houering sp'rite is neare,
And I will speake, and pray, and mourne to thee,
O pure immortall loue that daign'st to heare :
I feele thou aunsw'rest my credulitie
VVith touch of comfort, finding none elsewhere.
Thou know'st these hands entomb'd thee heer of late,
Free and vnforst, which now must seruile be,
Reseru'd for bands to grace proude *Cesars* state,
Who seekes in mee to tryumph ouer thee.
O if in life we could not seuerd be,
Shall Death deuide our bodies now a sunder ?
Must thine in Egypt, mine in Italie,
Be kept the Monuments of Fortunes wonder ?
If any powres be there where as thou art,
(Sith our owne Country Gods betray our case,))
O worke they may theyr gracious helpe impart,
To saue thy wofull wife from such disgrace.
Doe not permit shee should in tryumph shew
The blushi of her reproch, ioyn'd with thy shame :
But (rather) let that hatefull Tyrant know,
That thou and I had powre t auoyde the same.

But



OF CLEOPATRA.

But what doe I spend breath and idle windē,
In vaine invoking a conceiued ayde ?
Why doe I not my selfe occasion find
To breake the bounds wherein my selfe am stayd ?
VVords are for them that can complaine and lyue,
VVhose melting harts compos'd of baser frame,
Can to theyr sorrowes time and leysure gyue,
But *Cleopatra* may not doe the same.
No *Anthony*, thy loue requireth more.
A lingring death, with thee deserues no merit,
I must my selfe force open wide a dore
To let out life, and so vnhouse my spirit.
Thes hands must breake the prison of my soule
To come to thee, there to enjoy like state,
As doth the long-pent solitary Foule,
That hath escapt her cage, and found her mate.
This Sacrifice to sacrifice my life,
Is that true incense that doth best beseeme :
These rites may scruē a life-desiring wife,
Who dooing them, & haue done enough doth deeme.
My hart blood should the purple flowers haue beene,
Which heere vpon thy Tombe to thee are offred,
No smoake but dying breath should heere been seene,
And this it had beene to, had I beene suffred.



THE TRAGEDY

But what haue I saue these bare hands to doe it ?
And these weake fingers are not yron-poynted :
They cannot peirce the flesh be'ing put vnto it ,
And I of all meanes els am disapoyned .
But yet I must a way and meanes seeke , how . also IV
To come vnto thee , what so ere I doo .
O Death , art thou so hard to come by now ,
That wee must pray , intreate , and seeke thee too ?
But I will finde thee where so ere thou lyc ,
For who can stay a minde resolu'd to die ?

And now I goe to worke th' effect in deede ,
Ile never send more words or sighes to thee :
Ile bring my soule my selfe , and that with speed ,
My selfe will bring my soule to *Anthony* .
Come goe my Maydes , my fortunes sole attenders ,
That minister to misery and sorrow :
Your Mistres you vnto your freedom renders ,
And quits you from all charge yet ere to morrow .

And now by this , I thinke the man I sent ,
Is neete return'd that brings mee my dispatch .
God graunt his cunning fort to good euent ,
And that his skill may well beguile my watch .
So shall I shun disgrace , leaue to be sorie ,
Fly to my loue , scape my foe , free my soule ;

So



OF CLEOPATRA.

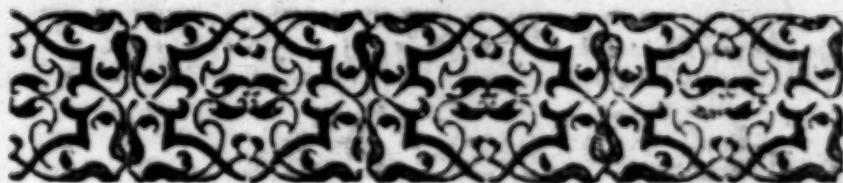
So shall I act the last act of my glory,
Die like a Queene, and rest without controule.

Exit.

CHORVS.

Misterious Egipt, wonder breeder,
strict religions strange obseruer,
State-orderer Zeale, the best rule-keeper,
fostring still in temprate seruor :
O how cam'st thou to lose so holy
all religion, law and order ?
And thus become the most unholy
of all Lands that Nylus border ?
How could confus'd Disorder enter
where sterne Law sat so severely ?
How durst weake lust and riot venter
thy eye of Justice looking neerely ?
Could not those meanes that made thee great,
Be still the meanes to keepe thy state ?

Ah no, the course of things requireth
change and alteration ever :
That same continuance man desireth,

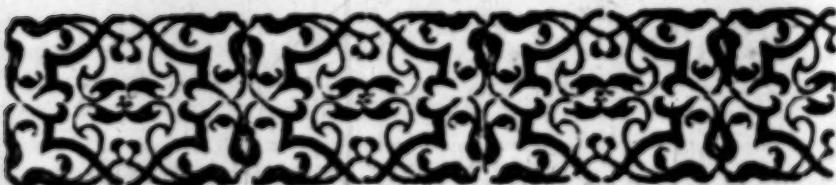


THE TRAGEDIE

sb Unconstant world yeeldesh never.
Wee in our counsels must be blinded,
and not see what dooth import vs :
And often-times the thing least minded,
is the thing that most must hurt vs.
Yet they that haue the steare in guidinge,
tis their fault that shoulde preuen it,
For oft they seeing their Country syding,
take their ease, as though contented.
Wee imitate the greater powres,
The Princes manners fashion ours.

The example of their light regarding.
Suggar loosenes much incences :
Vice Uncontrould growes wide inlarging,
Kings small faults, be greas offences.
And this hath set the window open
Unto lycence, lust and ryot :
This way Confusion first found broken,
whereby entred our disquies.
Those lawes that Zoroaster founded,
and the Ptolomies obserued,
Heereby first came to be confounded,
which our state so long preserued.

The



OF CLEOPATRA.

The wanton luxurie of Court,
Dyd forme the people of like sort.

For all (respecting private pleasure,)
Uniuersally consenting
To abuse theyr time, theyr treasure,
in theyr owne delights contenting :
And future dangers nought respecting,
whereby, (O howe easie matter
Made this so generall neglecting,
Confus'd weakenes to discarter ?)
Caesar found thi effect true tryed,
in his easie entrance making :
Who at the sight of armes, discryed
all our people, all forsaking.
For ryot (worse then warre,) so sore
Had wasted all our strength before.

And thus is Egyp seruile rendred,
to she insolent destroyer :
And all their sumptuous treasure rendred,
all her wealth that did betray her.
Which poyson (O if heauens be rightfull,)
may so far infect their fences,

That



THE TRAGEDIE

That Egypsts pleasures so delightfull,
may breed them the like offences.
And Romans learne our way of weaknes,
be instructed in our vices :
That our spoyles may spoyle your greatness,
overcome with our deuises.
Fill full your hands, and carry home
Inough from vs to ruine Rome.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

DOLABELLA, TITIVS.

Dol. Come tell mee Titius eu'ry circumstaunce

How Cleopatra did receive my newes :

Tell eu'ry looke, each gesture, countenaunce,
That shee did in my Letters reading vse.

Tit. I shall my Lord so farre as I could note,
Or my concete obserue in any wise.

It was the time when as shee hauing got

Leaue to her Deereſt dead to ſacrifie,

And now was illuing out the Monument,

With



OF CLEOPATRA.

With Odors, Incense, Garlands in her hand,
When I approcht (as one from *Cesar* sent,)
And did her close thy message t'understand.

Shee turnes her backe, and with her takes mee in,
Reades in thy lynes thy strange vnlookt for tale :
And readeſ, and ſmyles, and stayes, and doth begin
Againe to reade, then bluſht, and then was pale.
And hauing ended with a ſigh, refoldes
Thy Letter vp : and with a fixed eye,
(Which ſtedfast her imagination holds)
Shee muſ'd a while, ſtanding confuſedly.
At length. Ah friend, (ſaith ſhee,) tell thy good Lord,
How deere I hold his pittyng of my caſe :
That out of hiſ ſweet nature can afford,
A miſerable woman ſo much grace.
Tell him how much my heauy ſoule doth grieue
Mercilesſe *Cesar* ſhould ſo deale with mee :
Pray him that he would all the counſell giue,
That might diuert him from ſuch crueltie.
As for my loue, ſay *Anthony* hath all,
Say that my hart is gone into the graue
With him, in whom it rests and euer shall :
I haue it not my ſelfe, nor cannot haue.
Yet tell him, he ſhall more commaund of mee

Then



THE TRAGEDIE

Then any, whosoeuer lyuing, can.
Hee that so friendly shewes himselfe to be
A right kind Roman, and a Gentleman.
Although his Nation (fatall vnto mee,)
Haue had mine age a spoyle, my youth a pray,
Yet his affection must accepted be,
That faours one distrest in such decay.

Ah, hee was worthy then to haue been lou'd,
Of *Cleopatra* whiles her glory lasted ;
Before shee had declyning fortune prou'd,
Or scene her honor wrackt, her flower blasted.
Now there is nothing left her but disgrace,
Nothing but her affliction that can moue :
Tell *Dolabella*, one that's in her case,
(Poore soule,) needes rather pitty now then loue.
But shortly shall thy Lord heare more of mee.
And ending so her speech, no longer stayd,
But hasted to the Tombe of *Anthony*.
And this was all shee did, and all shee said.
Dol. Ah sweet distressed Lady. What hard hart
Could chuse but pitty thee, and loue thee too ?
Thy worthines, the state wherein thou art
Requireth both, and both I vow to doo.
Although ambition lets not *Cesar* see

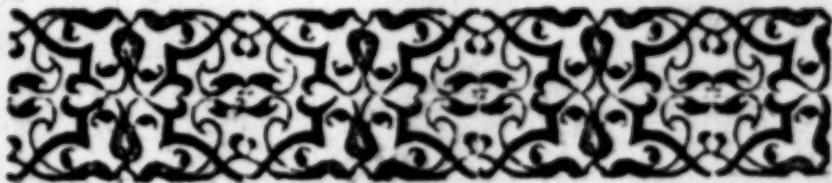
The



OF CLEOPATRA.

The wrong hee doth thy Maiestie and sweetnes,
VWhich makes him now exact so much of thee,
To add vnto his pride, to grace his greatnes.
Hee knowes thou canst no hurt procure vs now,
Sith all thy strength is ceaz'd into our hands :
Nor feares hee that, but rather labours how
Hee might shew Rome so great a Queene in bands.
That our great Ladies (enuying thee so much
That stain'd the all, & hell'd them in such wonder,)
Might ioy to see thee, and thy fortune such,
Thereby extolling him that brought thee vnder.
But I will seeke to stay it what I may ;
I am but one, yet one that *Cesar* loues,
And ô if now I could doe more then pray,
Then should'st þ know how far affection moves.
But what my powre and prayer may preuaile,
Ile ioyne them both, to hinder thy disgrace :
And euен this present day I will not fayle
To doe my best with *Cesar* in this case.
Tis. And Sir, euен now her selfe hath Letters sent,
I met her messenger as I came hither,
With a dispatch as hee to *Cesar* went,
But knowes not what imports her sending thither.
Yet this hee told, how *Cleopatra* late

Was



THE TRAGEDIE

Was come from sacrifice. How richly clad
VVas seru'd to dinner in most sumptuous state,
VVith all the brauest ornaments shew had.
How hauing dyn'd, shew writes, and sends away
Him straight to Cesar, and commaunded than
All should depart the Tombe, and none to stay
But her two maides, and oge poore Countryman.
Dol. Why then I know, she sends t'have audience now,
And meanes t'experience what her state can doe :
To see if Maiestic will make him bow
To what affliction could not moue him to.
And ô, if now shew could but bring a view
Of that fresh beauty shew in youth possest,
(The argument where-with shew ouer-threw
The wit of *Julius Casar*, and the rest,)
Then happily *Augustus* might relent,
Whilst powrefull Loue, (far stronger thē ambition)
Might worke in him, a mind to be content
To graunt her asking, in the best condition.
But beeing as shew is, yet doth shew merite
To be respected, for what shew hath been :
The wonder of her kinde, of rarest spirit,
A glorious Lady, and a mighty Queene.
And now, but by a little weakenes falling

To



OF CLEOPATRA.

To doe that which perhaps sh'was forst to doe :
Alas, an error past, is past recalling,
Take away weakenes, and take weinen too.

But now I goe to be thy Aduocate,
Sweet Cleopatra, now Ile vse mine arte.
Thy presence will mee greatly animate,
Thy face will teach my tongue, thy loue my hart.

SCENA SECUNDA.

N V N T I V S.

AM I ordaind the carefull Messenger,
And sad newes-bringer of the strangest death,
VVhich selfe hand did vpon it selfe infer,
To free a captiue soule from seruile breath ?
Must I the lamentable wonder shew,
VVhich all the world must grieue and meruaile at ?
The rarest forme of death in earth below,
That euer pitty, glory, wonder gat.

Chor. What newes bring'st y, can Egipt yet yeeld more
Of sorrow then it hath ? what can it add
To th'already ouer-flowing store
Of sad affliction, matter yet more sad ?

Hauc



THE TRAGEDIE

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Hau^e



THE TRAGEDIE

Haue wee not scene the worst of our calamitie ?
Is there behind yet something of distresse
Vnseen, vnkowne ? Tell if that greater misery
There be, that we waile not that which islesse.
Tell vs what so it be, and tell at fyrt,
For sorrow euer longs to heare her worst.

Nun. VWell then, the strangest thing relate I will,
That euer eye of mortall man hath scene.

I (as you know) euен from my youth, haue ful
Attended on the person of the Queene.
And euer in all fortunes good or ill,
With her as one of chiefest trust haue beeene.
And now in these so great extreamities,
That euer could to Maiestic befall,
I did my best in what I could devise,
And left her not, till now shee left vs all.

Chor. VWhat is shee gone. Hath Caesar forst her so ?

Nun. Yea, shee is gone, and hath deceiu'd him to.

Chor. What, fled to INDIA, to goe find her sonne ?

Nun. No, not to INDIA, but to find her sonne.

Chor. Why the there's hope she may her state recouer.

Nun. Her state ? nay rather honor, and her Louer.

Chor. Her Louer ? him shee cannot haue againe.

Nun. VWell, him shee hath, w him she doth remaine.

Chor.

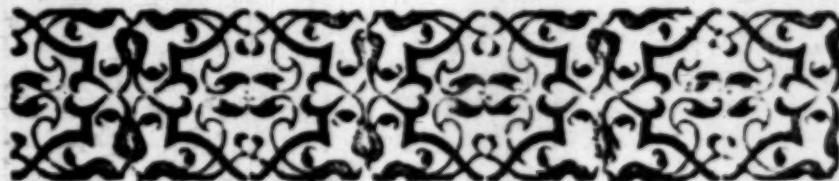


OF CLEOPATRA.

Cle. Why theſe ſhe's dead. Iſt ſo? why ſpeak'ſt not thou?

Nim. You geſſe aright, and I will tell you how.

Whē ſhe perceiu'd al hope was cleane bereft her,
That *Cesar* meant to ſend her ſtraight away,
And ſaw no meanes of reconciliation left her,
VVork what ſhe could, ſhe could not work to ſtay.
Shee calls mee to her, and ſhe thus began.
O thou whose truſt hath euer beeene the ſame
And one in all my fortunes, faithfull man,
Alone content t'attend diſgrace and shame.
Thou, whom the fearefull ruine of my fall,
Neuer deterr'd to leauē calamitie:
As did thoſe other ſmooth ſtate-pleaſers all,
VVho followed but my fortune, and not me.
Tis thou muſt doe a ſeruice for thy Queene,
VVherein thy faith and ſkill muſt doe their beſt:
Thy honest care and duty ſhall be ſeene
Performing this, more then in all the reſt.
For all what thou haſt done, may die with thee,
Although tis pity that ſuch faith ſhould die.
But this ſhall euer-more remembred be,
A rare example to posterity.
And looke how long as *Cleopatra* ſhall
In after ages liue in memory,

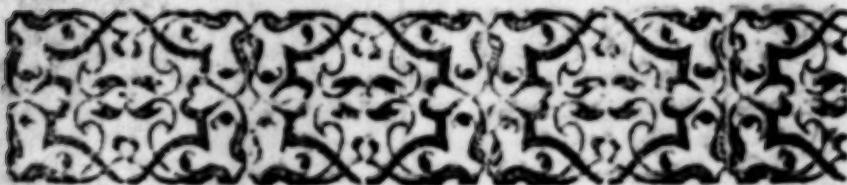


THE TRAGEDIE

So long shall thy cleere fame endure withall,
And therefore thou must not my fute deny ;
Nor contradict my will. For what I will
I am resolu'd : and this tis thou must doe mee :
Goe finde mee out with all thy arte and skill
To Aspicqs, and conuay them close vnto mee.
I haue a worke to doe with them in hand,
Enquire not what, for thou shalt soone see what,
If the heauens doe not my dissignes withstand,
But doe thy charge, and let mee shyft with that.

Beeing thus coniur'd, by her t' whom I had vow'd
My true perpetuall seruice, forth I went,
Deuising how my close attempt to shrowde,
So that there might no arte my arte preuent.
And so disguis'd in habite as you see,
Having found out the thing for which I went,
I soone return'd againe, and brought with mee
The Aspicqs, in a basket closely pent.
Which I had fill'd with figges, and leaues vpon.
And comming to the Guarde that kept the dore,
What hast thou there ? said they, and looke theron.
Seeing the figgs, they deem'd of nothing more,
But sayd, they were the fairest they had seen.
Taste some, said I, for they are good and pleasant.

No,



OF CLEOPATRA.

No, no, sayd they, goe beare them to thy Queene.
Thinking mee some poore man ſy brought a Present.
Well, in I went, where brighter then the Sunne,
Glittering in all her pompous ritch aray,
Great Cleopatra ſate; as if ſhe had wonne
Cesar and all the world beside this day.
Euen as ſhee was when on thy cristall ſtreames,
O CYDNO'S ſhee did ſhew what earth could ſhew.
VVhen ASIA all amaz'd in wonder, deemeſ
VENVS from heauen was come on earth below.
Euen as ſhee went at firſt to meete her Loue,
So goes ſhee now at laſt againe to finde him.
But that firſt, did her greatnes onely proue,
This laſt her loue, that could not liue behind him.
Yet as ſhee ſate, the doubt of my good ſpeed,
Detracts much from the ſweetnes of her looke :
Cheere-marter Care, did then ſuch paſſions breed,
That made her eye bewray the care ſhee tooke.
But ſhee no ſooner ſees mee in the place,
But ſtraight her ſorrow-clowded brow ſhee cleeres,
Lightning a ſmile from out a ſtormy face,
Which all her tempeſt-beaten ſences cheeres.
Looke how a ſtray'd perplexed trauaileſ,
When chasid by thiouts, and euen at poynſ of taking,

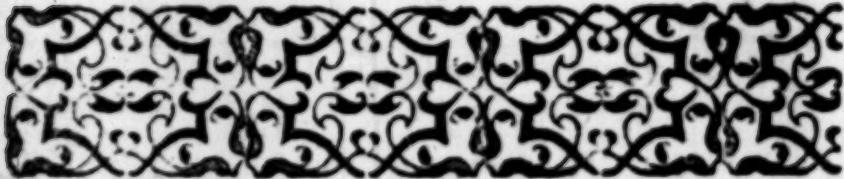


THE TRAGEDIE

Discryng suddainly some towne not far,
Or some vnlookt-for ayde to him-ward making;
Cheeres vp his tired sp'rits, thrusts forth his strength
To meete that good, that comes in so good houre :
Such was her ioy, perciuing now at length,
Her honor was r'escapē so proude a powre.
Foorth from her seate shee hastes to meete the present,
And as one ouer-ioyd, shee caught it straight.
And with a smyling cheere in action pleasant,
Looking among the figges, findes the deceite.
And seeing there the vgly venomous beast,
Nothing dismayde, shee stayes and viewes it well.
At length, th'extreamest of her passion ceast,
VVhen shee began with words her ioy to tell.

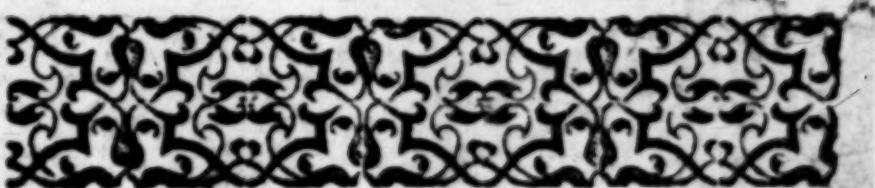
O rarest Beast (sayth shee) that Affrick breeds,
How dearely welcome art thou vnto mee ?
The fayrest creature that faire Ny~~lwe~~ feedes
Mee thinks I see, in now beholding thee.
VVhat though the euer-erring world doth deeme
That angred Nature fram'd thee but in spight :
Little they know what they so light esteeme,
That never learn'd the wonder of thy might.
Better then Death, Deathes office thou dischargeft,
That with one gentle touch canst free our breath :

And



OF CLEOPATRA.

And in a pleasing sleepe our soule inlargest,
Making our selues not priuie to our death.
If Nature err'd, ô then how happy error,
Thinking to make thee worst, shee made thee best ;
Sith thou best freest vs from our liues worst terror,
In sweetly bringing soules to quiet rest.
VVhen that inexorable Monster Death
That followes Fortune, flyes the poore distressed,
Tortures our bodies ere hee takes our breath,
And loades with paines th' already weake oppressed.
How oft haue I begg'd, prayd, intreated him
To take my life, and yet could neuer get him ?
And when he comes, he comes so vgly grim,
That who is he (if he could chuse) would let him ?
Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder cheife,
That open canst with such an easie key
The dore of life, come gentle cunning thiefe,
That from our selues so steal'st our selues away.
VVell did our Priests discerne something diuine
Shadow'd in thee, and therefore first they did
Offrings and worshyps due to thee assigne,
In whom they found such misteries were hid.
Comparing thy sweet motion to the Sunne,
That mou'st without the instruments that moue :



THE TRAGEDIE

And never waxing old, but alwaies one,
Dooſt ſure thy ſtrange diuinitie approue.
And therefore to, the rather vnto thee
In zeale I make the offring of my blood,
Calamitie confirming now in mee
A ſure beliefe that pietie makes good.
Which happy men neglect, or hold ambiguous,
And onely the afflieted are religious.

And heere I ſacrifice these armes to Death,
That Lust late dedicated to Delights :
Offring vp for my laſt, this laſt of breath,
The complement of my loues deereſt rites.
With that ſhee bares her arme, and offer maketh
To touch her death, yet at the touch withdrawes,
And ſeeming more to ſpeake, occation takes,
Willing to die, and willing to to paufe.

Looke how a Mother at her ſonnes departing
For ſome far voyage, bent to get him fame,
Doth intertwine him with an idle parling,
And ſtill doth ſpeake, and ſtill ſpeakes but the fame;
Now bids farewell, and now recalls him back,
Tells what was told, and bids againe fare-well,
And yet againe recalls; for ſtill doth lack
Something that loue would faint and cannot tell.

Pleas'd



OF CLEOPATRA.

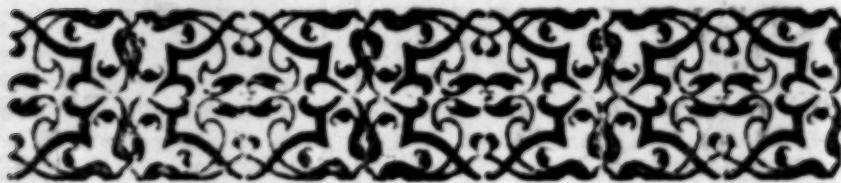
Pleas'd hee should goe, yet cannot let him goe.
So shee, although shee knew there was no way
But this, yet this shee could not handle so
But shee must shew that life desir'd delay.
Faine would shee entertaine the time as now,
And now would faine y Death would seaze vpō her.
Whilst I might see presented in her brow,
The doubtfull combat tryde twixt Life and Honor.
Life bringing Legions of fresh hopes with her,
Arm'd with the proose of Time, which yeelds we say
Comfort and Help, to such as doe refer
All vnto him, and can admit delay.
But Honor scorning Life, loe forth leades he
Bright Immortalitie in shyning armour :
Thorow the rayes of whose cleere glory, shee
Might see Lifes basenes, how much it might harm her.
Besides, shee saw whole Armies of Reproches,
And base Disgraces, Furies fearefull sad,
Marching with Life, and Shame that still incroches
Vpon her face, in bloody collours clad.
Which representments seeing worse then death
Shee dgeom'd to yeeld to Life, and therfore chose
To render all to Honour, hart and breath ;
And that with speede, least that her inward soes

THE TRAGEDY

False flesh and blood, ioyning with lyfe and hope,
Should mutinie against her resolution.
And to the end shee would not give them scope,
Shee presently proceeds to th'execution.
And sharply blaming of her rebell powres,
False flesh, (sayth shee,) and what dost thou cōspire
With *Cesar* to, as thou wert none of ours,
To worke my shame, and hinder my desire?
Wilt thou retaine in closure of thy vaines,
That enemy Base life, to let my good?
No, know there is a greater powre constraines
Then can be countercheckt with fearefull blood.
For to the minde that's great, nothing seemes great.
And seeing death to be the last of woes,
And life lasting disgrace, which I shall get,
What doe I lose, that haue but life to lose?

This hauing said, strengthned in her owne hart,
And vniou of her selfe fences in one
Charging together, shee performes that part
That hath so great a part of glory wonne.
And so receiues the deadly poysning touch.
That touch that tryde the gold of her loue pure,
And hath confirm'd her honor to be such,
As must a wonder to all worlds endure.

Now



OF CLEOPATRA.

Now not an yeelding shrinke or touch of feare,
Consented to bewray least sence of paine :
But still in one same sweete vnaltred cheere,
Her honor did her dying thoughts retaine.

Well, now this work is done (saith she,) here ends
This act of life, that part of Fates assign'd mee :
What glory or disgrace heere this world lends,
Both haue I had, and both I leaue behinde mee.
And now ô Earth, the Theater where I
Haue acted this, witnes I dye vnforst.
Witnes my soule parts free to *Anthony*,
And now proude Tyrant *Cesar* doe thy worst.

This sayd, shee stayes, and makes a suddaine pause,
As twere to feele whither the poysone wrought :
Or rather els the working might be cause
That made her stay, as likewise may be thought.
For in that instant I might well perceiue,
The drowsie humor in her falling brow :
And how each powre, each part opprest did leaue
Theyr former office, and did sencelesse grow.
Looke how a new-pluckt branch against the Sunne,
Declynes his fading leaues in feeble sort,
So her disioyned ioyntures as vndonne,
Let fall her weake dissolved limmes support.

Yet



THE TRAGEDIE

Yet loe that face the wonder of her life,
Retaines in death, a grace that graceth death,
Coulter so liuely, cheere so louely rife,
That none wold think such beauty could want breath.
And in that cheere, th'impression of a smile
Did seeme to shew shee scorned Death and Cesar,
As gloryng that shee could them both beguile,
And telling death how much her death did please her.
VVonder it was to see how soone shee went,
Shee went with such a will, and did so haste it,
That sure I thinke shee did her paine preuent,
Fore-going paine, or staying not to taste it.
And fencelesse, in her sinking downe shee wryes
The Djadem which on her head shee wore,
Which Charming (poore weake feeble mayd) espyes,
And hastes to right it as it was before.
For Eras now was dead, and Charming too
Euen at the poynyt, for both would imitate
Theyr Mistres glory, striuing like to doo.
But Charming would in this exceede her mate,
For shee would haue this honour to be last,
That should adorne that head that must be seene
To weare a Crowne in death, that life held fast,
That all the world might know shee dyde a Queene.

And



OF CLEOPATRA.

And as shee stood setting it fitly on,
Lo in rush *Cesars* Messengers in hast,
Thinking to haue preuented what was doone,
But yet they came too late, for all was past.
For there they found stretch'd on a bed of gold,
Dead *Cleopatra*, and that proudly dead,
In all the riche attyre procure shee could,
And dying *Charmion* trymming of her head.
And *Erus* at her feete, dead in like case.
Charmion, is this well doone ? said one of them.
Yea, well sayd shee, and her that from the race
Of so greate Kings discends, doth best become.
And with that word, yeelds too her faithful breath,
To passe th'assurance of her loue with death.

Chor. But how knew *Cesar* of her close intent ?

Nun. By Letters which before to him shee sent.

For when shee had procur'd this meanes to die,
Shee writes, and earnestly intreates, shee might
Be buried in one Tombe with *Anthony*.
Wherby then *Cesar* gess'd all went not right.
And forth-with sends, yet ere the message came
Shee was dispatcht, he crost in his intent,
Her prouidence had ordred so the same
That shee was sure none should her plot preuent.

CHO-



THE TRAGEDIE

CHORVS.

Then shus we haue beheld
Thi accomplishment of wocs,
The full of rusne, and
The woris of worst of ills.
And scene all hope expeld,
That ever sweet repose
Shall re-posseß: the Land
That Desolations fills,
And where Ambition spills
With uncontrouled hand,
All th' issue of all those,
That so long rule haue helld:
To make vs no more vs,
But cleane confound vs thus.

And canst O Nylus shew,
Father of floods indure,
That yellow Tyber should
With sandy streames rule thee?
Wilt thou be pleaseid to bow
To him those feete so pure,

Whose

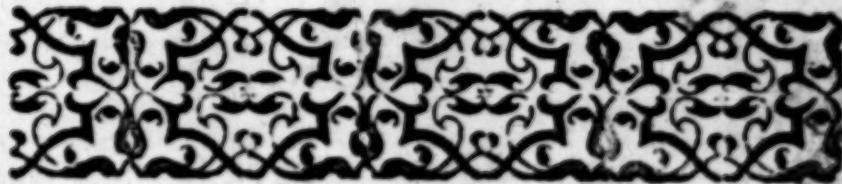


OF CLEOPATRA.

Whose unknowne head we hold
A powre divine to bee?
Thou that didst euer see
Thy free banks uncontroul'd
Lie under thine owne care:
Ah wile thou beare it now?
And now wile yeeld thy streames
A pray to other Reames?

Draw backe thy waters floc
To thy concealed head:
Rockes strangle vp thy wenes,
Stop Cataractes thy fall.
And turne thy courses so,
This sandy Dezarts dead,
(The world of dust that craves
To swallow thee vp all,)
May drinke so much as shall
Reuine from vastie granes
A lyuing greene, which spredd
Far florishing, may gro
On that wide face of Death.
Where nothing now drawes breath.

FATIGUE



THE TRAGEDIE

Fatten some people there,
Euen as thou vs hast doone,
With plenties wanton store,
And feeble luxurie :
And them as vs prepare
Fst for the day of mone
Respected not before.
Leauē leuell'd Egyps dry,
A barraine pray to lye,
Wasted for euer-more.
Of plenties yeelding none
To recompence the care
Of Victors greedy lust,
And bring forth nought but dust.

And so O leauē to bee,
Sith thou art what thou art :
Let not our race possēſſ
Th' inheritance of shame,
The fee of sin, that wee
Hauē left them for theyr part :
The yoke of whose distreſſ
Must still vpraid our blamē,
Telling from whom it came.

Our



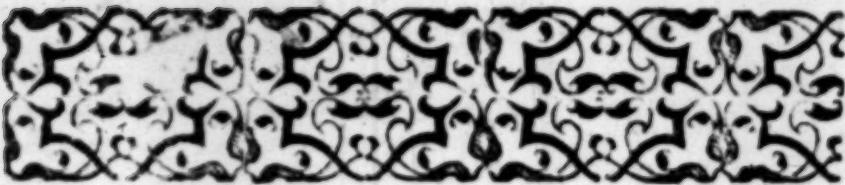
OP CLEOPATRA.

Our weight of wantonnes,
Lyes heavy on their barts,
Who neuer-more shall see
The glory of that worth
They left who brought vs forth.

O thou all seeing light,
High President of heauen,
Thou Magistrates the staires
Of that eternall court
Of Prouidence and Right,
Are these the bounds y'haue giuen
To untranspissable barres,
That limit pride so short,
Is greatness of this sort,
That greatness greatness marres,
And wrackes it selfe, selfe driuen
On Rocks of her owne might?
Doth Order order so
Disorders ouer-thro?

FINIS.





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